60 CENTS
ICD

FEBRUARY 10, 1970

W. F. BUCKLEY JR. on Bernstein and the Panthers
— SEE PAGE 168

NATIONAL REVIEW

Whittaker Chambers' FAREWELL

XRP1495 802R 52 129
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

The Myths the Liberals Live by... *PAUL McGOULDRICK*

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

James Burnham on the Oppenheimer whitewash
♦ Colm Brogan on the Tory leadership
♦ Also Davenport, Tonsor, Kirk, Hazelton, Hart, Brudnoy, Corliss

CASH CONTEST!
Prophet of the Year 1970
In This Issue!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you drink to forget your problems, you have another one.

Anybody who makes and sells a good Bourbon is not about to give you a lecture on total abstinence.

But we would like to say something about the problem drinker. The guy who's always trying to drown his sorrows. And the one who thinks if he can just get "high", all his troubles will go away.

Well we know, and you know (and even they know) that that approach to liquor doesn't work.

And someone with serious problems who consults a liquor bottle instead of a doctor, is liable to wind up in very hot water.

Why do we care?

We're Bourbon makers, so we feel a certain responsibility about our products. But much more of what we feel is pride.

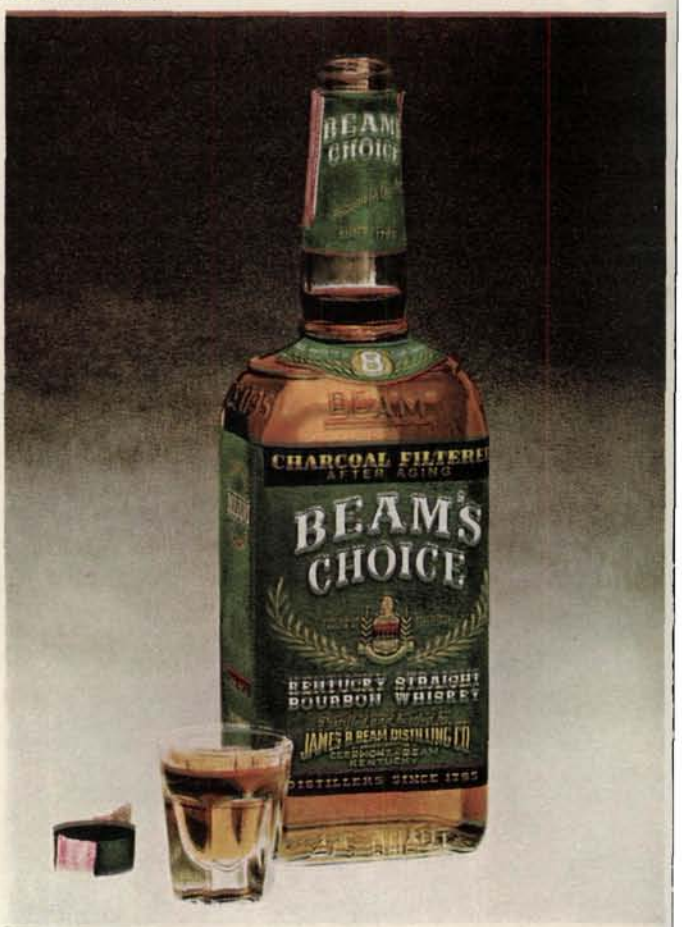
When we make Beam's Choice Bourbon we do a good job of it. Aging it 8 long years. Charcoal-filtering after that. The result is about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get.

Beam's Choice has a proper place in people's lives if rational enjoyment is their goal.

But it can't find you a good job. Or make someone love you. Or get your mother-in-law a home of her own.

We didn't make Beam's Choice to help you solve your problems.

We made it to help you celebrate solutions.



EIGHT YEARS OLD. 86 AND 90 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING COMPANY, CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A daring idea which could reverse the trend that is destroying us . . .

SHOULD WELFARE RECIPIENTS BE DENIED THE VOTE?

A favorite conservative writer answers — and brings the welfare debate right up to date in . . .

MAN vs. THE WELFARE STATE by Henry Hazlitt

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

Will the Nixon income plan take us "a giant step deeper into the quagmire of the welfare state?"

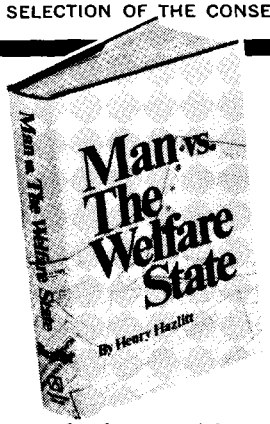
Sometimes you hear the guaranteed income disguised under euphemisms like "income maintenance" or "negative income tax." "Trick names of this sort," notes Henry Hazlitt, "corrupt the language and confuse thought. It would hardly clarify matters to call a handout a 'negative deprivation' or having your pocket picked 'receiving a negative gift.'"

Mr. Nixon, writes Hazlitt, "put forward this radical proposal in the language of conservatism. He said that the last third of a century had 'produced a bureaucratic monstrosity' and 'left us a legacy of entrenched programs.' Then he proposed a plan that can only make the bureaucratic monstrosity more monstrous and create still bigger and more entrenched programs."

What is the long-term outlook if the Nixon plan becomes law? Hazlitt, basing his predictions squarely on the record of past welfare programs, shows us consequences that will chill every conservative – and will make some of your Liberal friends squirm too.

Should Welfare Recipients Be Denied the Vote?

In three chapters Henry Hazlitt demolishes all the arguments for the guaranteed-income and guaranteed-job schemes that have popped up recently. But he doesn't stop there. Hazlitt shows why "the only real cure for poverty is production," and points to the ways we can "fight poverty with capitalism."



And then, the bombshell. Henry Hazlitt dares to bring up the Unmentionable: "We have to ask, for example, whether liberty, economic progress, and political stability can be preserved if we continue to allow the people on relief – the people who are mainly or solely supported by the government and who live at the expense of the taxpayers – to exercise the franchise."

A "reactionary" proposal? Only to an age that believes in rights without responsibilities. As Hazlitt notes, "outstanding liberals of former days did not hesitate to recommend it. In 1914, A. V. Dicey, the eminent British jurist, asked whether it is wise to allow recipients of poor relief to retain the right to join in the election of a member of Parliament. And John Stuart Mill, writing in his *Representative Government* in 1861, did not equivocate . . ."

With the same courage and keenness, Hazlitt surveys the dangers we face on all fronts from the welfare state:

- *The folly of minimum wages: how to hurt those you mean to help.*
- *The dangers in promising instant Utopia – and not being able to deliver.*
- *"We owe it to ourselves." What Adam Smith had to say about* that *nostrum.*
- *Debasement of the dollar, and the grim consequences.*
- *The Social Insecurity System. The story of what happened to relief programs that unemployment insurance and Social Security were meant to replace.*
- *Politicians' "immense hypocrisy" on the subject of "monopoly."*
- *Why today's "collective bargaining" is not free. The alternatives.*
- *The earliest sponsors of the progressive income tax. Why "soak-the-rich" demagogy can* never *help the poor.*
- *Uruguay: classic, step-by-step story of how a welfare state marches to its doom.*
- *The case for the gold standard today.*
- *The Galbraith School of Economic Planners (the free market economy produces too much) and the Growth Planners (the free market doesn't produce enough). The fallacies of each group.*
- *Why price controls always do harm. Hazlitt explains in clear layman's language the way prices are decided in a free economy, and the harmful distortions caused by price controls.*
- *Famines: government-made. Is the "population explosion" a red herring?*
- *Old subsidies never die. They don't fade away, either.*
- *IMPORTANT: Hazlitt's 6-stage program for dismantling the welfare state – and replacing it with something better.*

Risk-Free Inspection

May we send you an inspection copy of *Man vs. The Welfare State?* If not well pleased, you are free to return it any time within a month of delivery, and you will receive a full refund (plus extra money to repay you for return postage). Mail coupon below with $6 to your bookseller or Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

To your bookseller or:

How to get this book *FREE*
With FREE Conservative Survey Report

You may prefer to have us send you *Man vs. The Welfare State* FREE – along with a free copy of the Conservative Book Club's exclusive 16-page Survey Report – the only reliable in-depth record of current opinion among thinking conservatives. You can get both free by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 60 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly Selection, merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail it today.

ARLINGTON HOUSE
PUBLISHERS FOR THE SILENT MAJORITY
81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, Henry Hazlitt's *Man vs. The Welfare State*. My payment of $6.00 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage. **NR292**

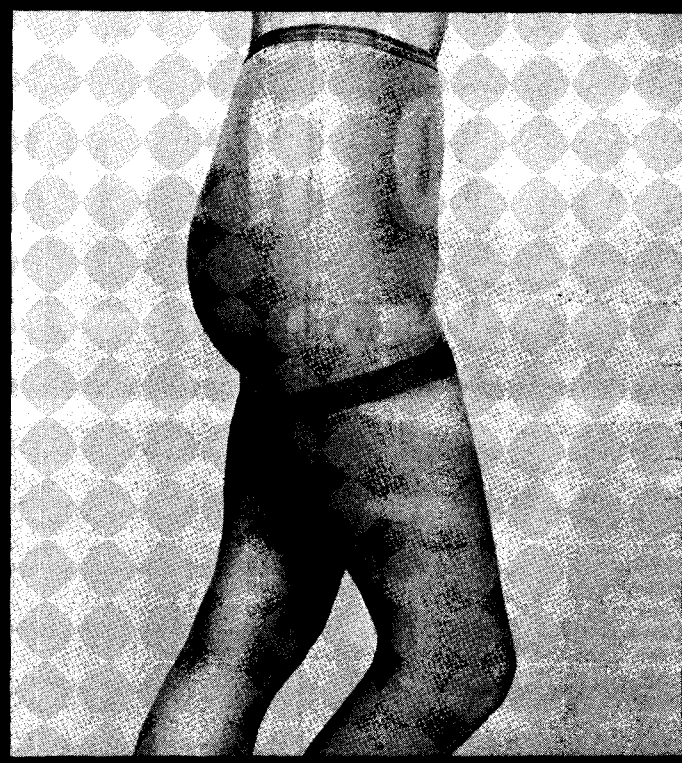
Name_____

Address_____

City/State_____ Zip_____

☐ **Send MAN VS. THE WELFARE STATE free, along with free 16-page Conservative Survey Report, and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months at 20% to 75% discounts.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FABULOUS FREEDOM

Freedom from gaps between panty and hosiery. Freedom from garters. Freedom from continuous readjusting. The all-over cling-fit that hugs tight...feels soft... never sags, bags or wrinkles anyplace... never, never needs readjusting. Yours in *panty hose, refillable panty hose*...waist-hi's or hosiery...of AGILON® Stretch Nylon. Your favorite brand...in newest fashion colors...at your favorite store.

AGILON

STRETCH NYLON

A Product of Deering Milliken Research Corporation, America's largest...and most productive...textile research organization.

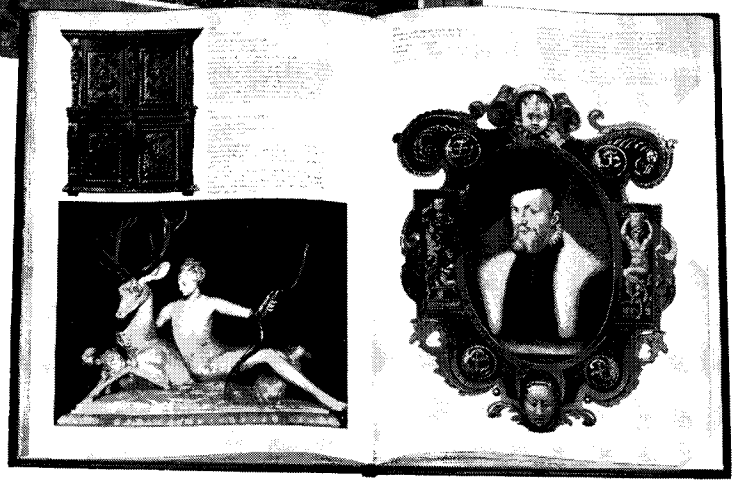
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McGraw-Hill invites you to take a grand tour of the

Art Treasures in France

in this exciting library volume containing 250 superb illustrations – nearly 100 in vivid full color – for only **$1** *regular series price $5.95*

as your introduction to ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD



FOR MORE THAN 800 years, France has given the world some of its greatest and most beloved artists – and in addition her kings and citizens have gathered together truly amazing collections from many lands. No other nation possesses within its borders more magnificent masterpieces.

Now, in *Art Treasures in France,* you can view the famous paintings, sculpture, architecture and objects of art that draw tourists from all over the world. Enjoy this dazzling new art volume in your home for 10 days free. If you can't bear to part with it, keep it for only $1.

In 250 superb illustrations *(nearly 100 in brilliant color!)* you will tour all the centuries of French art history . . . see the ancient Roman theatres and temples still preserved in Arles and Viennes . . . the splendor of the Gothic cathedrals of the 13th and 14th centuries . . . the Renaissance palaces and chateaux . . . the glorious age of the court of Louis XIV.

You will see exquisite French paintings by Watteau, Fragonard, David, and many others . . . right up to the moderns like Van Gogh, Renoir, Cezanne, Gauguin! And the most celebrated works of other painters now in French museums . . . Michelangelo, da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Picasso, and more.

Whatever is beautiful to behold – furniture, exquisite jewelry, ceramics and tapestries – all are included in this amazingly comprehensive art survey of France.

More than 50,000 words of authoritative text, by a team of specialists, with about 30,000 additional words of picture captions – plus a fascinating guide to the museums and architectural wonders – make this volume an art tour supreme.

Why do we make this $1 offer?

Art Treasures in France is offered for only $1 to introduce you to McGraw-Hill's new and exciting publishing project ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD. For the first time, the art masterpieces created or collected in each major country are made available in this series – at an extraordinarily low price to subscribers. Each sumptuously illustrated volume, like the first, contains 250 illustrations – including more than 100 in full color. The dimensions are king-size, 8 by 11 inches; the printing, paper, and binding of a quality to delight a connoisseur. The authors are outstanding authorities, headed by general editors Bernard S. Myers and Trewin Copplestone.

You are invited to become a Charter Subscriber to the series, if you wish, and to receive any or all of the forthcoming volumes, each covering a different country – on approval. But decide later. First, examine *Art Treasures in France* 10 days free.

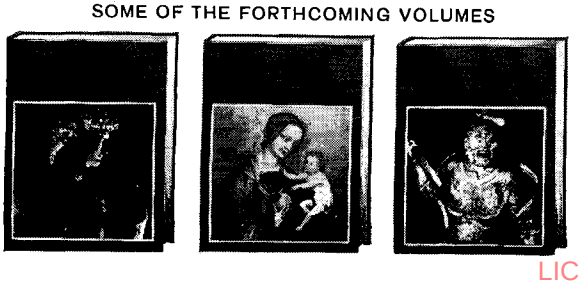
Send no money — mail the coupon today

If you decide not to keep *Art Treasures in France,* return it and pay nothing. Or if delighted send only $1 plus a few cents shipping, as full payment. Your name will then be entered as a Charter Subscriber to ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD. A new volume will be offered to you about every two months (always on approval) at the subscriber's *guaranteed low price* of only $5.95, plus shipping. You will be under no obligation to take every volume or any minimum at all. You may stop whenever you wish. Mail the coupon below. McGraw-Hill Book Company, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Corregio's Jupiter and Antiope, Renaissance masterpiece purchased by Louis XIV in the 1660s, now at the Louvre. Full page color plate.

(Below) Van Gogh's portrait of Dr. Gachet, one of the first to recognize Van Gogh's talent. Shown in full color.

SOME OF THE FORTHCOMING VOLUMES



McGraw-Hill Book Company, Dept. AF-108
330 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me *Art Treasures in France* for ten days without cost or obligation. If I decide to keep the book, I will remit only $1.00, plus few cents delivery. Otherwise, I will return it postpaid within ten days.

If I keep *Art Treasures in France* I will be enrolled as a Charter Subscriber to the ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD program, with the privilege of receiving a new volume approximately every other month for a ten-day examination. After examining each subsequent volume, I may either purchase it at the special subscription price of only $5.95, plus few cents delivery, or return it and owe nothing. I understand that I am under no obligation to keep or purchase any volumes, and that I am free to cancel my subscription whenever I wish.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State ..... Zip Code .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Surprising: Rep. **Adam Clayton Powell Jr.**, speaking in Tallahassee, came out against "instant integration" of schools in five Deep South states; says the Court should have required the schools to submit desegregation plans by Feb., but not to implement them until Sept. . . . Incidentally it was that old segregationist, Judge **Clement Haynsworth**, who signed the order forcing the Greenville and Darlington, S.C. school districts to integrate by mid-February. . . . The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has taken under advisement a challenge to the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision of 1966 (which held that confessions were not valid unless the defendant had been informed of his right to remain silent). Case being brought by National District Attorney's Association. . . . The $75,000 libel verdict against **Ralph Ginzburg** (he libeled **Barry Goldwater** during the 1964 campaign) will stand; the Supreme Court has refused to reconsider. . . . **American Jewish Congress** pleased with Supreme Court's rulings in 1968-1969 term. Eighty per cent of them, says the AJC, were "liberal."

■ Minority leader **Gerald Ford**'s staff reportedly still at work gathering evidence for his drive to impeach Justice **William O. Douglas**, according to Fulton Lewis' *Exclusive*. . . . A bill by Sen. **Paul Fannin** (R., Ariz) to forbid featherbedding in union contracts has absolutely no chance of being reported out of the Senate Labor Committee, say insiders on the Hill. . . . Much missed, in the Senate, the able floorwork of Sen. **Karl Mundt** (R., S.D.), now convalescing from a stroke. . . . Michigan Democrats, at their state convention, felt it necessary to pass a vote of confidence in **Jean Hart**, wife of Senator **Phil**. She was hauled into court a fortnight ago as result of noisy Mass for Peace at the Pentagon that resulted in 187 arrests. Her activities are hurting Hart's re-election chances. . . . **Committee for an Effective** (read it: liberal) **Congress** has taken look at Nixon's first year in office, shuddered and given its verdict: the country is moving reactionary-rightward.

■ Some Americans abroad: **Julian Bond**, Georgia state legislator, in Holland: "If you could call Adolf Hitler a friend of the Jews, you could call President Nixon a friend of the blacks." Bond did admit, however, that American Negroes are not headed for the gas chambers and ovens. . . . **Eldridge Cleaver** in Algeria: "I don't want to see the capitalist system in the United States solve its problems. I want to see

Daily Telegraph, London Ben Roth Agency

"Are you both over 18 and of opposite sexes?"

it submerged in failure." . . . **Stokely Carmichael** last week turned up in Khartoum for a meeting of East African heads of state. Carmichael says, alternately, that he is returning to the States and that he is working to restore **Kwame Nkrumah** to power in Ghana. . . . **John Gollan**, Secretary General of the British Communist Party, has sent President Nixon a letter protesting the treatment of the Black Panthers in the U.S.

■ The Yugoslav news agency Tanjug reports **Alexander Dubcek** was given two choices before he flew to Ankara to take up his post as ambassador there: resign from the CP's Central Committee, or be expelled. Dubcek's resistance probably accounts for his twice postponed departure. Also on the resign-or-be-expelled list, Premier **Oldrich Cernik**. . . . **Ludek Pachman**, the Czech chess grand master who was imprisoned in August for his spirited attack on Soviet occupation forces, is reported to be in a Prague hospital suffering from broken ribs and a fractured skull. Pachman has never been tried. . . . Liberal **Rumania** has cracked down on passports—because so many Rumanians have defected on trips abroad. . . . For the record, **East German** sources admit 25,000 East Germans have escaped West in the eight years since the Wall went up; how many more tried and failed they don't say.

■ Toughest sentence yet: a Superior Court in Cambridge, Mass. has given SDS-Weatherman **Joseph K. Collins** (father of three, incidentally) a two-year term for assault and battery on three staff members of the Center for International Studies at Harvard last Sept. . . . Chancellor **Robert Heyns** of Berkeley, who should know, says student militants are running out of steam because a) of the split in the SDS-RYM-II, Weatherman, PL ranks and b) confrontation tactics have become "counterproductive." . . . In the last school year, 3,652 students were arrested in campus disorders in America (the Japanese have it worse—see Brudnoy, p. 147—their arrest figure in the '68-'69 year was fourteen thousand).

■ Letter of the week, in the *New York Post* about the fare hike on New York's chronically tardy subway system: "A subway ride may cost more, but at least it lasts longer."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7 reasons why Record Club of America is for people who swore they would never join another record club!

ANNOUNCING... SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HALF-PRICE MEMBERSHIP ONLY $2.50 MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!

1. No restriction on selections. Choose from 30,000 records and tapes! Any LP or tape (cartridge, cassette or reel-to-reel) on over 300 different record and tape labels. New releases included.
2. Absolutely no obligation! No "minimum" number of records or tapes to buy.
3. Discounts up to 79% OFF! Never less than a third! Every record and tape brand new, first quality, factory fresh . . . satisfaction guaranteed.
4. Other clubs may legally bind you to buy $19.92 to $83.76 worth of records or tapes within a year. With Record Club of America — you don't have to spend a penny, ever!
5. You never receive records or tapes you do not want—or did not order because you forgot to return a "monthly selection" card. Only the records and tapes you order are sent.
6. No 5-to-6 week waits for delivery! All orders processed same day received.
7. Record Club of America is the ONLY major record and tape club NOT owned, NOT sponsored, NOT subsidized by a record or tape manufacturer.

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way you want it—the only record and tape club with no strings attached! Ordinary record or tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year usually at full price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record or tape you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98 or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest and only all label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape, including cartridges and cassettes . . . on any label . . . including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You never pay full-price! You get best sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

How Can We Break All Record and Tape Club Rules!

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE membership offer. Mail coupon with check or money order—NOT for regular $5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE . . . just $2.50. You SAVE $2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP —and you never pay another club fee.

Look What You Get

Lifetime Membership Card—guarantees you brand new LP's and tapes at discounts up to 79% . . . Never less than ⅓ off.

Free Giant Master Catalog – lists available LP's of all labels! Over 15,000 listings! Also, FREE Master Catalog of Tapes sent on request.

Disc and Tape Guide – The Club's FREE Magazine, and special Club sales announcements which bring you news of just-issued new releases and *extra discount specials.*

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

Record Club of America's own computer system ships order same day received! Every record brand new, fully guaranteed.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join over one million budget wise record and tape collectors now. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Your $2.50 membership fee entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $1.00 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the more gift members you get—the more you save!

39C RT © 1970 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

COMPLETE TAPE SERVICE AT NO EXTRA MEMBERSHIP FEE

LP DISCOUNTS TO 79% — PRICES AS LOW AS 99¢ PER RECORD!

Typical all-label "Extra Discount" sale

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE $ .99
Frank Sinatra • Petula Clark • Glen Campbell
Nat Cole • Dean Martin • Dave Brubeck
Jack Jones • John Gary and others . . .

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE $1.25
Woodie Guthrie • Oistrakh • Richter • Callas
Rod McKuen • Tebaldi • Steinberg • Krips
Peter Seeger • Munch • Casals and others . . .

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE $2.49
Herb Alpert • Simon & Garfunkel • Ramsey Lewis
Belafonte • Supremes • Mamas & Papas
The Cream • Eddie Arnold • Monkees and others . . .
plus . . . from 50% to as high as 79% discount on famous labels: RCA Victor, Capitol, Columbia, Decca, Liberty, Motown, Elektra, Vanguard, and others.

TAPE DISCOUNTS — 33⅓% — ALL LABELS
Cartridges, Cassettes and Reel-to-Reel

Compare Clubs and see	Columbia Record Club (as advertised in Playboy January 1970)	Capitol Record Club (as advertised in TV Guide Sept. 20, 1969)	RCA Victor Record Club (as advertised in McCalls May 1969)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as advertised in Esquire Nov. 1969)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE AND REEL-TO-REEL TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Columbia, RCA Victor, Capitol, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	10	12	4	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or none at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$49.80 to $59.80	$59.76 to $71.76	$19.92 to $23.92	$41.88 to $47.88	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! You get discounts up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent —and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

FREE! World's largest Master Catalog of available LP's to choose from when you join Record Club of America

Lists over 15,000 available LP's on all labels! Classical—Popular—Jazz—Folk—Broadway & Hollywood sound tracks—Spoken Word—Rock and Roll—Comedy —Rhythm & Blues—Country and Western—Dancing—Listening—Mood! No Exceptions!

FREE! Master Tape Catalog of available cartridge, cassette and reel-to-reel tapes sent on request at no extra membership fee.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X858W
Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Yes—Rush me lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP Catalog (check box below if you also wish Master Tape Catalog) and Disc & Tape Guide at this limited Special Introductory Half Price membership offer. I enclose—NOT the regular $5.00 membership fee—but $2.50. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LP's and Tapes at discounts up to 79% plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obliged to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee. ☐ Also send Master Tape Catalog

Also send _____ Gift Membership(s) at $1.00 each to the names on attached sheet. Indicate master catalogs required.

I enclose Total of $ _____ covering one $2.50 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $1.00 each.

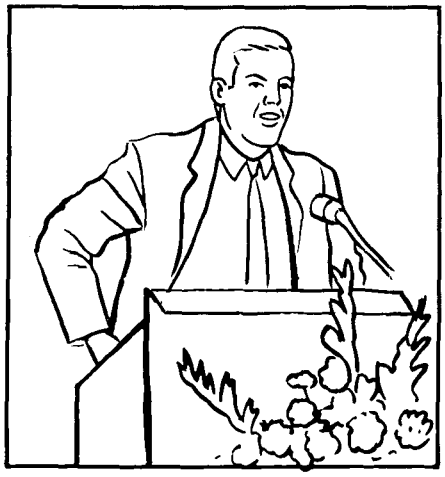
Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLOR Your Next Meeting



Conservative!

Why not make your next social, business or civic meeting really interesting and *informative?* Why not arrange to have a good speaker (a good *conservative* speaker!).

You can put new life into your own organization by making use of the well-known and stimulating public speakers and debaters now available for speaking engagements anywhere in America.

Why not suggest this to your chairman—or, if you are an officer yourself (and we know *many* NR readers are)—start making plans today to give your next meeting a boost.

Check this list of fine speakers and lecturers available *only* through Catherine Babcock, Inc.

- ★ **Frank S. Meyer**
- ★ **William F. Rickenbacker**
- ★ **William A. Rusher**
- ★ **Ralph de Toledano**
- ★ **F. Clifton White**
- ★ **Frederick Wilhelmsen**
- ★ **Charles W. Wiley**
- ★ **Ernest van den Haag**
- ★ **L. Brent Bozell**
- ★ **Russell Kirk**
- ★ **Thomas Molnar**

Remember, your meeting doesn't *have* to be dull. Just drop us a line telling us about your organization and *when* you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 5 FEBRUARY 10, 1970

118 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

110 For the Record
114 Letters
129 The Third World War *by James Burnham*
130 Prophet of the Year Contest
132 Odyssey of a Friend, III *by Whittaker Chambers*
147 Letter from Tokyo *by David Brudnoy*
148 Letter from London *by Colm Brogan*
151 The Myths the Liberals Live By *by Paul McGouldrick*
156 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
157 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
168 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
170 Trans-O-Gram

158 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Freda Utley's *Odyssey of a Liberal: Memoirs* reviewed by John Chamberlain ☐ Stephen J. Tonsor on Molnar's *The Counter-Revolution* ☐ Jeffrey Hart reviews *Ronnie and Jesse: A Political Odyssey* ☐ Richard Corliss chronicles his 1969 film favorites

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors
JAMES BURNHAM ☐ JEFFREY HART ☐ FRANK S. MEYER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
C. H. SIMONDS *Assistant Managing Editor*
JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*
FRANCES BRONSON *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
GUY DAVENPORT ☐ W. H. VON DREELE
M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ☐ RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Associates
PHILIP P. ARDERY JR. ☐ JOHN R. COYNE JR.
JANE B. SMITH ☐ TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
PATRICIA A. CARR ☐ KEVIN LYNCH *Assistant Editors*
AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors
C. D. BATCHELOR ☐ COLM BROGAN ☐ DAVID BRUDNOY
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ☐ A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING
RICHMOND CRINKLEY ☐ JOAN DIDION ☐ ANTHONY R. DOLAN
CHARLES FOLEY ☐ NEAL FREEMAN ☐ MAX GELTMAN
NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT ☐ SUSANNE LA FOLLETTE
SIR SHANE LESLIE ☐ JARED C. LOBDELL ☐ SIR ARNOLD LUNN
VINCENT MILLER ☐ GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ STEFAN T. POSSONY
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER ☐ MORRIE RYSKIND ☐ TIBOR SZAMUELY
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM ☐ ALEC WAUGH ☐ AUBERON WAUGH
FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN ☐ PETER P. WITONSKI

Foreign Contributors: ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN ☐ *Production Editor:* VICTORIA WEHMEIER
Promotion Manager: EDWARD A. CAPANO ☐ *Circulation Manager:* H. HALDANE HILL
Advertising Director: PATRICK D. MAINES

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1970.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

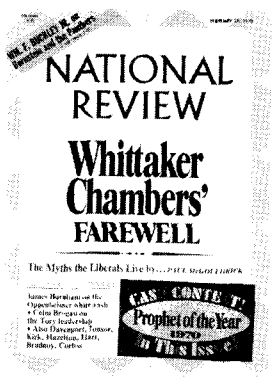
RATES: $20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS ISSUE

■ This week we conclude our selections from the correspondence of **Whittaker Chambers**. In "Notes & Asides," our editor discusses the effects of the letters and the response they have drawn. . . . Professor **Paul McGouldrick** is an American economist who teaches at McGill University in Montreal. In his first *NR* appearance, Professor McGouldrick mounts a devastating attack on some common Marxian assumptions about the growth of capitalism held by liberal historians and economists. Guaranteed to stand liberal academics on their ears. . . . **Colm Brogan**, a long-time *NR* contributor, has been the scourge of the British liberal establishment for several decades. Mr. Brogan writes from London of Home, Hogg and Powell, the three giants of the Tory Party. . . . **David Brudnoy**, who has reported extensively on the American campus scene, visits the Orient and discovers that Japanese universities need a good dose of Hayakawaism.



■ **Russell Kirk** travels to Yugoslavia, stops in Dalmatia, and finds that Marxism has already been absorbed into something much older and greater. . . . New Left Revisionists have recently reopened the Oppenheimer case. But prematurely, says **James Burnham**, who remembers it like it was and proceeds to set the record straight. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** announces the results of the first annual Delectations contest. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** explains how we can easily avoid inflation, chides the jet-setters for their newest affectation, and discusses the implications of the most fearsome alliance since the Hitler-Stalin pact. . . . And on page 146, we direct your attention to a drawing by our newest cartoonist, **Joseph Escourido**, who sent it in with the note: "I am a politically conservative artist. I am also very broke! HELP!" Happy to.

■ **John Chamberlain**, dean of conservative columnists and frequent contributor to *NR*, reviews the autobiography of Freda Utley. A lady larger than life in an age of ideological pygmies, whose greatest crime was that she was born a premature anti-Communist. . . . Professor **Guy Davenport**, our most durable and dependable reviewer, does his customary witty job. This week it's three contemporary novels, two good and one awful. . . . **Stephen Tonsor**, President Nixon's favorite critic of American higher education, looks to Europe and does not like what he sees. . . . Dartmouth's **Jeffrey Hart** discusses the first serious study of Ronald Reagan, whose achievements as governor of California have scared the pants off liberals. . . . **Richard Corliss** commemorates a decade of eyestrain with several lists of movies he managed to enjoy.

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your **old** address label here. Print **new** address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO
☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $12.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

THE WILLMOORE KENDALL PROGRAM
leading to the Ph.D. in
POLITICS AND LITERATURE

This unique graduate program, **founded by the late Professor Kendall,** fuses the disciplines of literary criticism and political philosophy into an exceptionally flexible instrument for a study of the foundations of human order.

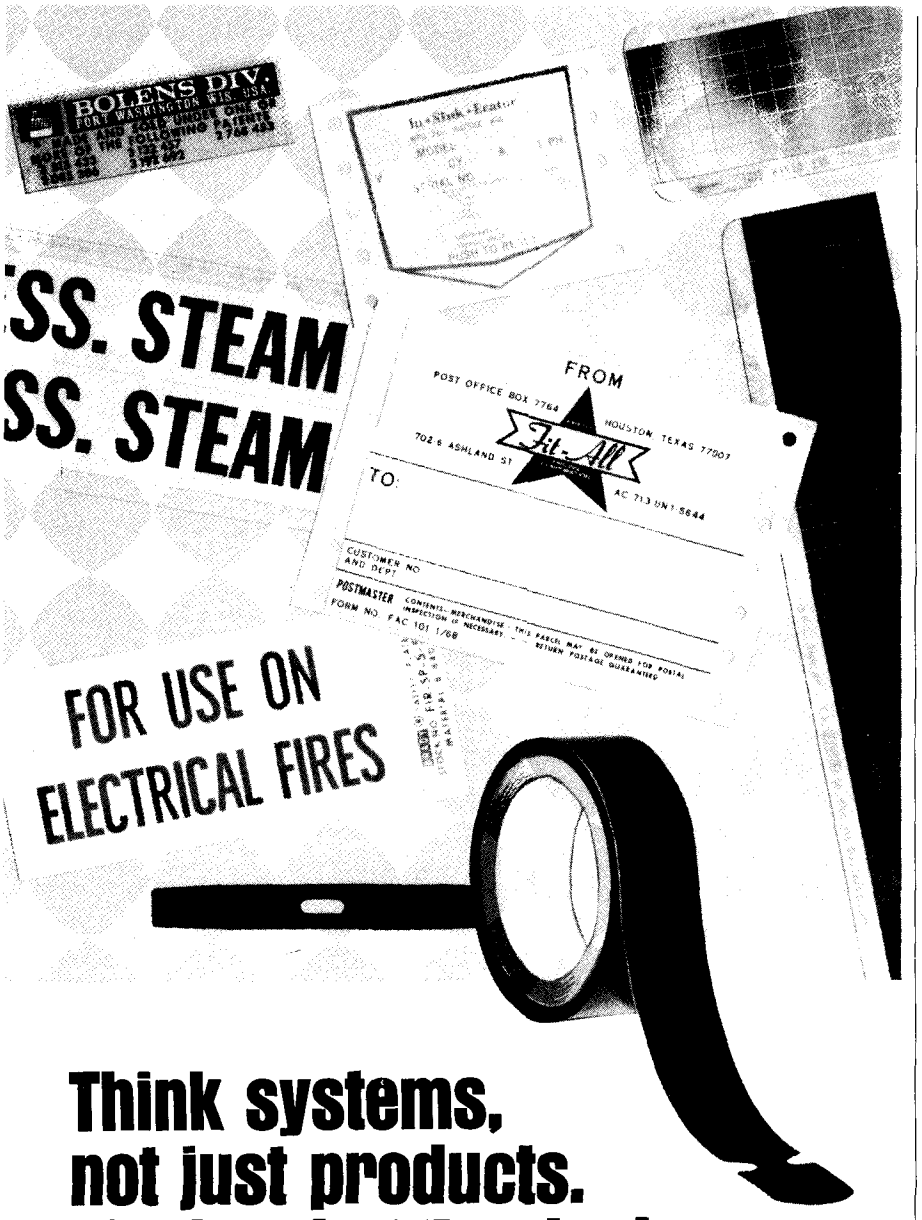
The program repudiates that tendency in political science that would limit the study of human order to an **empirical emphasis,** insisting that this is a fundamental misconstruction that implicitly abandons the possibility of reasoned discourse on things of the **Polis.**

Although some exposure to politics, philosophy, literature, and languages is presupposed, students may enter from any undergraduate disciplined. A lively mind and a willingness to work are the chief pre-requisites. **Write,** detailing your preparation and interest.

BRANIFF GRADUATE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY OF DALLAS
Box N, Irving, Texas 75060

Braniff Graduate School: Located on a 1000 acre campus in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. For information on other graduate programs and the Undergraduate College write to the above also.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Think systems, not just products. That's what Brady does.

As a result, it's industry's most complete, single source of a wide range of self-sticking products—for almost any kind of identification, process or procedure. And each is part of a coordinated, compatible system.

For the computer room, Brady supplies *Leader Connectors, Photo-Sense Markers* for beginning- and end-of-reel indication, *Leader Splicing Tape.* For data processing, Brady *Dataplates* permit fast addition of variable information to nameplates. *Tab Labels* are made for high speed application with any EDP printout equipment. *Supropaque Key Punch Correction Seals* provide a fast permanent method for correcting errors.

Brady's standardized *Pipe Identification System* includes a choice of USASI colors and legends to identify contents and flow direction. *Safety-Plate Signs* reduce accidents, promote safety indoors and out. All conform to U.S.A. Standards Institute and N.S.C. specs. Brady *Nameplates* are custom designed from a wide choice of materials and colors—identify, inform and instruct.

Brady "system" products are self-bonding, apply quickly and stick permanently with job-engineered adhesives. What kind of system do you need to show, tell or speed production? Just write for literature and free testing samples.

27097

719

W. H. BRADY CO.
EST. 1914

719 West Glendale Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape

LETTERS

Where's the Guarantee?

I usually find NATIONAL REVIEW expressing realistic approaches to life situations. When it comes to Israel, however, there appears to be an inconsistency in your approach.

If Israel were to agree to the Rogers Proposal, who would guarantee Israel's security? In 1948 when the Arab nations invaded Israel no outside force came to her rescue. In 1956 after she pulled back, largely due to the pressures and promises of our country her rights were not upheld —not in Jerusalem, not in the Suez Canal and certainly not on her borders. In 1967, prior to the war, our own country promised to break the blockade in the Straights of Tiran but we never fulfilled that pledge.

I am sure that you are as familiar as I am with the history of Israel-Arab relations over the last 21 years. In all of this time at least one thing is absolutely clear—when it comes to fighting for survival no United States guarantee or UN guarantee or Tripartite declaration has ever, when the chips were down, aided Israel.

RABBI SEYMOUR PRYSTOWSKY
Lafayette Hill, Penna.

More on Odyssey

I found it terribly beautiful, an eye opener to me—about him (whose *Witness* I read too long ago to remember well), about y'all at *NR*, about good writing, about how to write a *letter*, about concern for America, about decency, about love.

It was an experience I'm glad to have had.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

C. S. Lewis once wrote, in an essay on prayer: "Little people, like you and me, if our prayers are sometimes granted, beyond all hope and probability, had better not draw hasty conclusions to our own advantage. If we were stronger, we might be less tenderly treated. If we were braver, we might be sent, with far less help, to defend far more desperate posts in the great battle."

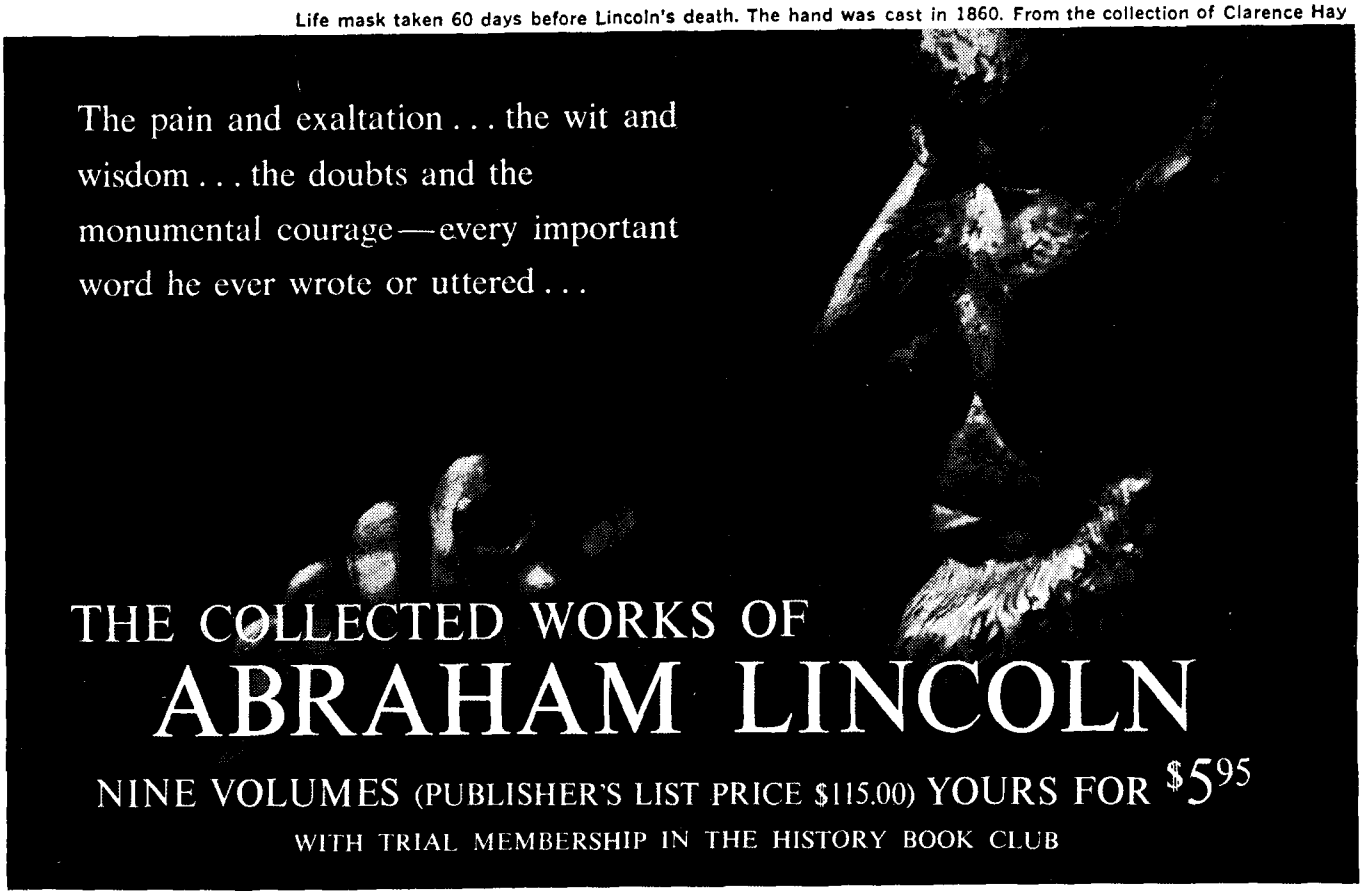
Chambers was braver than most.

HOPE M. KIRKPATRICK
New Haven, Conn.

I had almost forgotten the letter Whittaker wrote to me about *McCarthy and His Enemies.* How much better he understood McCarthy than most of McCarthy's supporters or detractors. Whittaker had a profound understanding, I think, of character and personality, but the quality I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



The pain and exaltation . . . the wit and wisdom . . . the doubts and the monumental courage—every important word he ever wrote or uttered . . .

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NINE VOLUMES (PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE $115.00) YOURS FOR $5.95

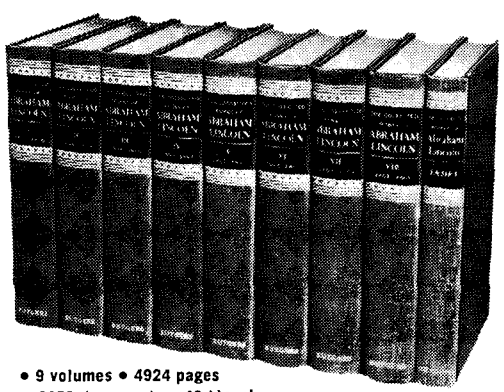
WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

ONLY OFFERING THIS YEAR—in observance of LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

TODAY a century of legend blurs our image of Lincoln the man, but the human Lincoln now speaks to us clearly in these nine handsome volumes containing 6870 private and public papers, half of them never before in print.

Collected, indexed and richly annotated by a team of our foremost Lincoln scholars, headed by Dr. Roy P. Basler of The Library of Congress, the set was 26 years in preparation. It carries a Publisher's List Price of $115. But, in observance of Lincoln's Birthday, The History Book Club offers it to you with trial membership at the extraordinary price of just $5.95. The Club consistently offers fine permanent editions of the most important and readable works in history and world affairs, always at dramatic savings. (Last year, members enjoyed savings of over 50% on the books they chose to take.)

With your *Lincoln* set, choose your first membership book from those listed below at reduced Member's Prices. You must be delighted with all books or return them within two weeks, thus cancelling your membership. Please note: this special offer will *not* be repeated for at least a year. Mail the coupon today.



• 9 volumes • 4924 pages
• 6870 documents • 43 Lincoln photographs, engravings and manuscript facsimiles

START YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THESE BOOKS

(First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.)

700. HUEY LONG *By T. Harry Williams.* Buffoon, menace, dictator—yet voice of an authentic American radicalism. The first full-length study of his furious, doomed life. $12.50/**$7.95**

687. ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE *By Richard Hofstadter.* America's historical suspicion of intellectuals—its roots and meaning. Pulitzer Prize winner. $7.95/**$5.95**

677. WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM *By Chadwick Hansen.* An objective reinterpretation of the original documents. $6.95/**$5.75**

657. THE CREATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, 1776-1787 *By Gordon S. Wood.* The evolution of American political thought from 1776 to the making of the Constitution. $15.00/**$9.95**

554. TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: Nuremberg, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* A brilliant account of the Nazi leadership. $12.50/**$8.95**

651. WHITE OVER BLACK: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812 *By Winthrop D. Jordan.* An outstanding study of the origins of racism in the U.S. $12.50/**$8.95**

689. THE ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN *By Michael Grant.* Pictured with clarity and charm, life in the classical world from the first traces of man to the 4th Century. $8.95/**$6.75**

606. HENRY VIII *By John J. Scarisbrick.* A highly praised new study of the monarch at front-center stage. $10.95/**$7.65**

681. NAPOLEON: From 18 Brumaire to Tilsit, 1799-1807 and **From Tilsit to Waterloo, 1807-15** *By Georges Lefebvre.* Two volumes, count as one selection. $15.00/**$9.95**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A History of Negro Americans *By John Hope Franklin.* The Blacks' course from African origins to North and South America today. $10.75/**$7.40**

621. THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* The history, archaeology, and ethnology of all Indian cultures in the Americas since the Ice Age. $10.00/**$6.95**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY *By M. M. Boatner III.* Over 4000 entries—battles, personalities, events, weapons, issues. $15.00/**$8.95**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB **Stamford, Connecticut 06904**

Please open Trial Membership and send me the $115 COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN plus the membership book choice shown below. Bill my LINCOLN set at $5.95 and my membership book at the money-saving Member's Price.

I understand I may return all books within 10 days if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my Trial Membership. Otherwise I shall complete Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from more than 130 offered to me at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter.

(NOTE: A small postage and packing charge is added to each shipment.)

MY BOOK CHOICE IS NUMBER_____

Name_____

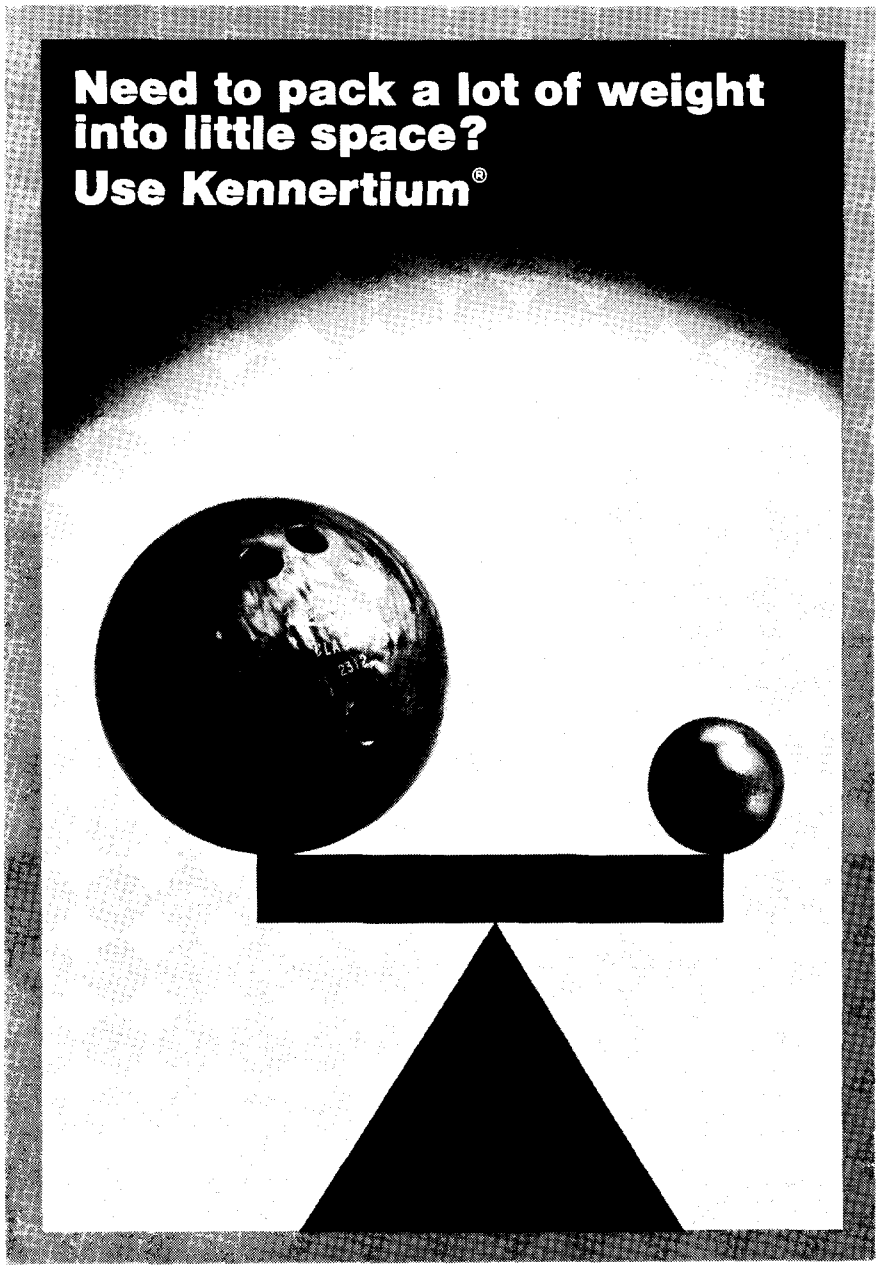
Address_____

City_____

State_____ **Zip Code**_____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly. NV 10L

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kennertium heavy tungsten alloys have high concentration of weight. With a density of 18.5 g/cc, Kennertium W-2 is 62% heavier than lead in equal volume. As illustrated, balancing a 16-lb. bowling ball requires a W-2 ball of only 3 3/16" diameter.

W-2 has a hardness of 28 to 32 R_C. Tensile yield strength is 80,000 psi and compressive yield strength is 120,000 psi.

Kennertium is machinable, about the same as a high nickel alloy steel. And, using powder metallurgy, it can be supplied in virtually any shape up to 15-inch diameter and 20-inch length. Kennertium is also corrosion resistant; requires no plating to resist atmospheric conditions.

Proven applications include weights and counterbalances, radiation shielding, rotational and high inertia components.

Examples:

The high density of Kennertium helped a watchmaker achieve a substantial reduction in the thickness of a self-winding watch.

Space vehicles are notoriously compact. To conserve space, Kennertium has been used for 600-lb. ballast in a rocket nose.

Get folder B500D on Kennertium. Also ask for booklets on "Properties of Kennametal" and "Proven Uses," to learn about other Kennametal materials that can help you resist abrasion, corrosion, extreme heat or cold, deformation, impact. Kennametal Inc., Latrobe, Pa. 15650. Phone 412-537-3311.

14235

KENNAMETAL®

remember best is his sense of humor. He had a wonderful laugh, as I don't need to tell you, and a highly developed sense for the ridiculous.

Chicago, Ill. HENRY REGNERY

Nagas—Another View

Prakash Jain's article on the Naga independence movement [*NR*, Dec. 30], is incredibly more imperialistic than anything Kipling ever dreamed about.

The goals of the Nagas are simple: they do not want to become Hindus, they do not want to learn Hindi, they do not want to be lorded over by posturing bureaucrats from New Delhi. Given the behavior of the Indian army during two decades of "enlightened" rule, the Nagas seem quite correct in believing that their goals of freedom and cultural independence can only be achieved after political independence.

Appeals by the Nagas to political leaders and even their coreligionists in the West have fallen on deaf ears, so that in desperation they have had to turn to the Communist Chinese for assistance. Now the Indians, who are so tolerant of Communist activities in other people's countries, want to scream, "Red Menace!" Such sharp practice may be all very well in most journals, but it is a pity to see NATIONAL REVIEW employed, albeit unwittingly, as a forum for such propaganda.

Bloomington, Ind. JAMES R. THOMPSON

Cdr. Bucher Replies

Regarding "Talk With an Admiral" ["On the Right," *NR*, Dec. 30]—For your consideration, my comments as party of the first part:

1) There were many times during my imprisonment in North Korea when I was struck with terror and I too questioned my courage; with the help of God, a deep love for my country and a total devotion to what I best understood to be my duty, I never broke with reason. Under my direction and leadership the crew of *Pueblo* resisted the Communist North Koreans in as many ways as we could think of, knowing that to be found out might very well result in death for one or more. It is just not possible to be further away from help and home than being at the tender mercies of the North Koreans.

2) If the remark concerning my courage referred to the day of capture, I submit that all I really felt on that day was great anger at my inability to respond. That inability lay then and lies today at the door of supposedly responsible persons within the Navy and the Defense Department who failed, through stupidity or whatever, to heed any of the recommendations I had made which would have positively prevented the loss of the ship to the North Koreans (albeit the crew would have been captured).

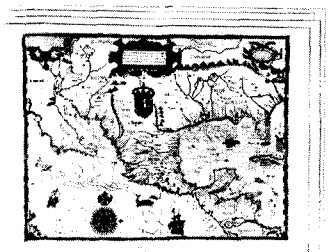
3) Much criticism has been shoveled my way, yet I have not heard a single re-

(Continues on page 165)

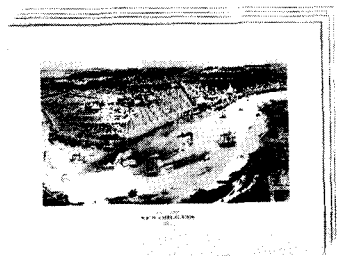
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only American Heritage Magazine can give you a choice like this.

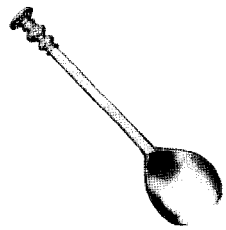
Select any one of these exciting gifts as a *free* bonus when you subscribe to the famous "Magazine of History."



1. 4 EARLY MAPS. In superb color, each 18″ x 24″ on heavy paper: *Mariner's Guide (1546); New Netherlands & New England (1635); The New World (1600); First American Map of U.S. (1784).*



2. 4 CITY PRINTS. Aerial views of New York, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans in 1850's. Each about 15″ x 21″ on heavy paper. Beautiful for framing.



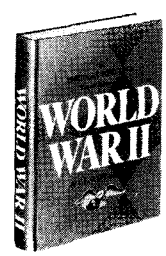
3. SEAL-TOP SPOON. Gorham's exquisite replica of a rare Elizabethan spoon in heavy silver plate – ideal for serving. Retail value: $9.95.

4. AMERICAN HERITAGE CROSSWORDS. 55 fascinating puzzles with themes from America's past. Delightful change of pace for crossword fans! 9″ x 12″. 128 pages.

5. INDIANS. Lavishly illustrated, exciting to read, this meticulously researched history is the most complete of its kind ever published. A $16.50 value.

6. AMERICAN HERITAGE COOKBOOK. 500 tested recipes, 30 traditional menus, 256 pages, generously illustrated – a gustatory treat of historic proportions! Retail value: $12.50

7. 3 L-P RECORDS. *Great American Songs; Historic Music of The Great West; The Invention of the Presidency.* All handsomely jacketed; with explanatory notes.



8. WORLD WAR II. A $20 retail value, this remarkable best seller is the largest one-volume picture history of World War II ever published. By C. L. Sulzberger, of *The New York Times.*

We're offering you this unusual selection of free Membership Gifts for two reasons:

To make it most attractive for you to subscribe to *American Heritage* Magazine, starting right now.

And to give you a clear idea – with these gifts – of the fun and fascination you can expect in the pages of *American Heritage.*

Here in *American Heritage's* pages, truly, you will find America. Seen and savored from every perspective: How men fought – and how families lived. The teeming cities and the turbulent frontiers. The heroes and outlaws and little people who make the nation's story so colorful and unendingly gripping.

We think you'll enjoy *American Heritage.* And profit from it, too. So, we invite you to try a full year's subscription – six bimonthly issues – for only $13.95. A saving of 30% on the regular subscription price of $20.

Send No Money

First, read the "get-acquainted" copy of *American Heritage* that we'll send you. Share the brilliant insights of historians such as Bruce Catton and Margaret L. Coit. Enjoy best-selling authors like Louis Auchincloss.

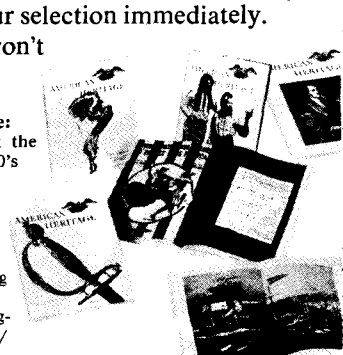
Then, if you decide the magazine is not for you, just tell us. We'll stop your subscription immediately. You owe us nothing. And you keep the introductory copy without charge.

If, as we expect, you enjoy *American Heritage*–we'll continue your subscription and send you the gift of your selection immediately.

So, "shop" for your gift right now, won't you? And mail the coupon today.

9. 3 BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. A stimulating variety: *My Dear Dolphin; Your Body;* and *How Fast, How Far* – a history of man "on the move" in outer space and on earth.

Start Your Subscription With The February Issue: **The Policeman's Lot.** A frank, fascinating look at the police establishment from Boston in the early 1800's to Mayor Daley's Chicago. / **"Never Leave Me . . ."** Louis Auchincloss' tender portrait of aging Henry Adams and the young girl who cared for him. / **Green Pastures Recalled.** Marc Connelly's evergreen memories of the play he wrote and the life he's lived. / **That Mess on the Prestile.** A hard-hitting feature of *American Heritage's* new conservation section. / **"A Melancholy Case."** How George Washington deliberately condemned an innocent man to die. / And more. But see for yourself.



AMERICAN HERITAGE MAGAZINE
383 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302 M0906

As my free bonus, I choose #_____.

First, please send me the February issue, and enter my subscription for a full year of *American Heritage* – six bimonthly issues at your money-saving rate of $13.95. If I wish, I may cancel after reading the first issue. I'll owe you nothing–and the introductory copy is mine to keep.

When my subscription is confirmed, I'm entitled to receive my Membership Gift without any additional charge.

NAME_____
(Please Print)

STREET_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

SEND NO MONEY; WE'LL BILL YOU LATER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ *Voices of Moderation Department*: "We live . . . in an economy of death. . . . In so doing we have strangled the economy of life. Under Richard Nixon we shall continue to do so." (Harriet Van Horne in the *N.Y. Post.*)

"We may be the first country to go fascist democratically." (William L. Shirer, the best-selling historian of the Third Reich, forgetting, among other things, that Hitler won election democratically in 1932.)

■ The President's veto of the HEW appropriation was typically Nixonian. Once again, he put the opposition in a tactical box. If the veto was overridden, he could put the blame for inflation on a spendthrift Congress; if it was sustained (as it was, handily), he could proclaim a victory for sound, anti-inflationary policy—and, with due modesty, for his own leadership. The cries (he predicted them in his televised veto message) that he is "against education" carry little weight with Congress, and less with the American public, whose attitude toward education is undergoing a significant change. Until recently, education was the great American nostrum. Good hardworking citizens cheerfully paid taxes and approved bond issues in the conviction that bigger, fancier schools guaranteed a brighter tomorrow. Now the suspicion dawns that it just isn't so. The national education binge has produced a mindless student proletariat that seems bent on destroying all those shiny new schools and colleges; to that proletariat, ideologues and social engineers paid from public funds peddle dubious goods. The President's remark that the vetoed funds would have gone to "the same old programs" was aimed square at the Silent Majority; we join that majority in awaiting eagerly his promised special message on education.

■ The Senate's isolationist mood is deepening. Washington observers estimate that if Senator Mike Mansfield's resolution calling for quick withdrawal of U.S. forces from Western Europe could be brought to an early vote, it would carry the Senate by a two-to-one majority. The President has been resisting this tide, but is believed to be annoyed with the collapse of the offset agreement negotiated by Robert McNamara, under which the West German government has bought U.S. Treasury securities to compensate for the dollars drained from the exchange balance in order to pay the costs of maintaining the troops in Europe. Over the past six months, the West German central bank, which has been having its own exchange troubles since revaluation of the Deutschmark, has not merely declined to buy more U.S. Treasury notes but has cashed in more than half a billion dollars worth of its holdings.

■ Last week's Supreme Court ruling on draft reclassification upheld the view that induction into the Armed Forces is not a form of punishment and that, therefore, the proper penalty for young men who violate the Selective Service Act cannot be reclassification as 1-A. But while the Court has cleared the air on this disputed point, it has clouded it on another. The same ruling held that draft registrants reclassified by their local boards may appeal the reclassification immediately in civil courts. Up until now, such appeals have been routed initially—as seems to make sound administrative and practical sense—through the channels provided within the Selective Service system. The decision here may swamp the courts under a wave of petitions by draft evaders and would-be evaders. There is still urgent need for further action by this session of Congress to make Selective Service procedures foolproof, as well as more uniform, clear and fair.

■ U Thant reaffirmed the fundamental irrelevance of himself and his organization when he breezed into Nigeria last week, announced that he would check on the relief situation in what used to be Biafra; then said the heck with it, why go to Port Harcourt for two hours when everybody in Lagos said everything was just dandy? Reports from the eastern region told of no wholesale slaughter, some Nigerian soldiers being beastly and others being kind; but on one point there was almost universal agreement: Ibos are starving to death, and relief is hopelessly snarled by political maneuvering, red tape, confusion and lack of transport. Not that U Thant could have done much about it, but, gosh, he could at least have *looked*, and then come back and blamed everything on the Big Powers. His term as Secretary General expires in November 1971. Both Moscow and Washington are said to be sick of him. The betting is he'll be replaced, if there's still a UN by then.

■ Although discussion of the French aircraft sales contract with Libya has centered on its relation to the Arab-Israeli conflict, this is only one, and perhaps a minor, motive for France's action. Another springs directly out of the domestic economy. The French aircraft industry, with a traditionally military corps of technicians and workers, is very sick and urgently needs more orders to keep going. Second, France needs ready access to more ample petroleum sources than she presently possesses. Libya's oil is both high-grade and nearby. And Premier Pompidou sees the Libyan deal as part of the broader Mediterranean-Francophone Africa strategy that he

I'll Give You Odds

If Illinois were told to do
What Mississippi's going through,
I think the absence of applause
Would even make a Percy pause.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Investments Are No Game

The RICKENBACKER REPORT doesn't play around with your life savings.

When you put together your investment portfolio, you need the best advice. Mr. Rickenbacker and his team of specialists provide expert coverage of all major financial markets.

Forty-five times a year, the REPORT's incisive commentary and candid features guide you step by step—in clear, easy to understand language—past investment problems in all fields.

COMPUTER STOCKS:
One good buy and one lemon.

RAILROAD STOCKS:
Are they depressed?

COMMODITIES:
Should you buy them?

GEMS:
Buying a gift for your wife with an eye to the future.

GENERAL ECONOMICS:
How it affects your family.

REVIEW OF FOREIGN FINANCIAL PRESS:
Switzerland, South Africa, France, West Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Canada and Great Britain.

MONETARY CHRONOLOGY:
What *is really* going on in the money market.

BOOK REVIEWS:
Covering books of major importance to investors.

DOMESTIC SPECIALISTS:
Donald Horton: president of Computer Guidance Corporation.
Ernest Reuter: president of Leys, Christie & Co.
Karl Ziebarth: vice-president of Hayden, Stone.

FOREIGN SPECIALISTS:
Finn Andreen: Secretary, International Freedom Academy.
Dr. L. Metzemaekers: Editor, HET FINANCIEELE DAGBLAD, Netherlands.
"The Gnome of Zurich": the Swiss banker, who although long associated with Mr. Rickenbacker, must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons.
M. Berkhout: foreign correspondent, LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES.

REAL ESTATE:
Where prices are rising most sharply.

GOLD & SILVER:
Should you buy now?

MODEL PORTFOLIOS

Satisfaction Guaranteed: If you are not fully satisfied with the RICKENBACKER REPORT, you may write for a full refund within 30 days.

RICKENBACKER REPORT
Box 1000 Briarcliff Manor N. Y. 10510

Dear Mr. Rickenbacker:
Please start my subscription to the RICKENBACKER REPORT immediately. If not pleased, I may write within 30 days for a full refund.
NR-12

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

____My $30.00 check for a 3-month trial subscription is enclosed.

____My $108.00 check for a one-year subscription is enclosed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would like to develop to replace France's successively collapsed Indochinese imperialism, her Maghreb extension and her Gaullist dream of globally balanced grandeur. In furtherance of the Mediterranean perspective, Paris has lately resumed long-suspended formal diplomatic relations with Morocco, strengthened ties with Tunisia and settled a number of standing disputes with Algeria.

■ Sweden's liberal *Expressen* on the alleged Mylai massacre: "Faced with the horrors of war, we must not forget to ask what would have happened in Vietnam if truth had as little chance in the United States as it has had in North Vietnam, China and the Soviet Union." Nigeria's liberal *New Nigerian*, on the same: "The truth is, of course, that in any war each side acts occasionally in a manner that is a disgrace to its nation. Some of the indignation in the United States is righteous. Some of it is synthetic—and nauseating."

■ British papers are speculating that Harold Wilson's primary task on his visit to Washington was to persuade Richard Nixon not to ease up on Rhodesia. It is now three years past UDI and Rhodesia waxes stronger than ever despite the UN-ordered sanctions. But important sectors of American industry are hurting because they are not permitted to buy chromium from Rhodesia, their traditional supplier. They are forced to pay inflated prices to the Soviet Union, the only other source—and it is rumored that some of the chromium sold by Moscow is actually Rhodesian ore, secretly bought and transshipped at a big markup. Since sanctions haven't brought Ian Smith down, the argument goes, why not admit the fact, recognize Smith, de facto at least, and have done with it? It would make sense for the United States but might further damage Harold Wilson's prestige at home. With a general election expected in the fall in Britain, it is probable that if the U.S. has decided to switch its policy on Rhodesia it will wait at least until after the British election day. Harold Wilson, with all his faults, has been a faithful ally on the Vietnam issue.

■ The American Conservative Union, in a recently issued 23-page study of President Nixon's welfare plan, warns that the proposals, instead of alleviating the welfare burden, will inevitably add to it. The ACU sums up its analysis in three conclusions: "1) it makes welfare more comfortable when it should be made less comfortable; 2) by moving toward a guaranteed income, it makes welfare more respectable, more of a 'right' when it should be made less respectable, less of a 'right'; 3) it drastically increases the number of recipients, thus risking corrupting twelve million more American citizens, when desperate efforts ought to be made to decrease the number of persons receiving unearned checks from government."

■ We are pleased to forward to President Nixon the following comments on the new dress uniforms of the White House police (double-breasted white jackets with gold braid; gold-striped trousers; high-peaked shakos): "Effete" (S. Agnew, Best Dressed Statesman). . . . "#@%&$#/@!" (W. R. Cattleprod, Sheriff, Redneck County, Ala.). . . . "*Wunderbar*! Chust like home!" (H.R.H. Prince Adolf, Ruritanian Government-in-Exile). . . . "We must be giving a party—the men from the caterer are here" (Mrs. R.M.N., Housewife). . . . "Guess somebody's filming a movie here" (Cecil D. Bemused, Tourist). . . . "Aw, come *on*!" (Robert Prindle, White House policeman).

■ Going the rounds in Prague underground circles, the following colloquy between Brezhnev and Dubcek:

Brezhnev: I'll put you back in power if you 1) stop the flow of counterrevolutionary ideas into the country, 2) improve the economy and 3) stop people from going to church.

Dubcek: Done. To stop counterrevolutionary ideas from coming in, I'll seal the borders with the West. To improve the economy, I'll seal the borders with the East. To stop people going to church, I'll proclaim you and Husak saints.

■ Caught scabbing: the New Mexico state AFL-CIO, whose newspaper, officials discovered, was printed in a non-union shop. No doubt the AFL-CIO contracted for the job on a low-bid basis.

■ The 24th Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations ended a month or so ago but you still can't get a decent milk shake east of Buffalo, N.Y.

■ Our favorite subway station wall advises us that "If God wanted fags he would have created Adam and Freddy."

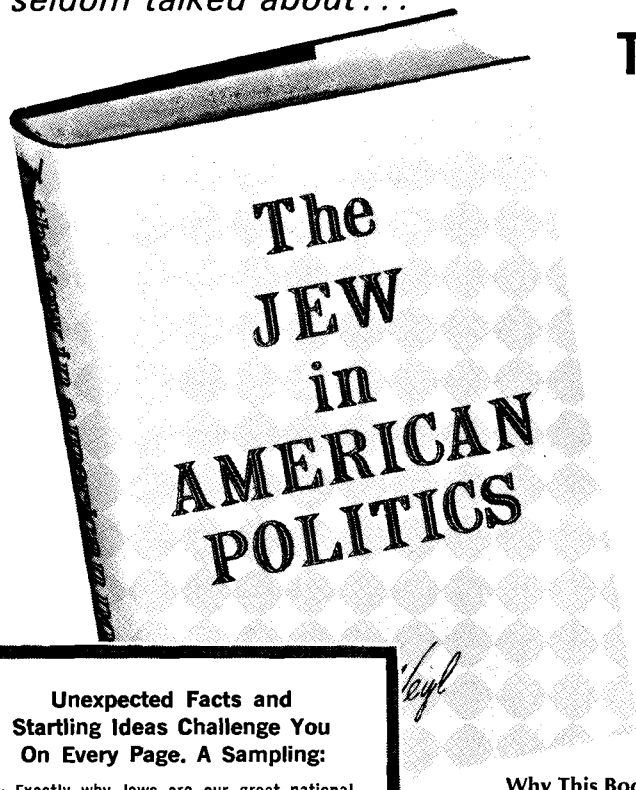
Rocky v. the Field

New York state politics begin to resemble a Chinese firedrill, at least on the Democratic side. Arthur Goldberg, the party's great grey hope, chose not to run for anything, whereupon Paul O'Dwyer decided to try for the Senate (against Republican Charles Goodell, than whom it will be nigh impossible to be more liberal). As for the governorship, there are at least five Democratic candidates. Two have formally announced: William vanden Heuvel, who bills himself as a "close associate" of the late Robert Kennedy (on campaign jaunts, it was vanden Heuvel's chore to hand Bobby a fresh shirt whenever the one he had on got sweaty), and Howard Samuels, a soak-the-rich millionaire whose candidacy may be nipped in the bud by his son's arrest on a drug charge.

All this activity, mind, is among left-Democrats; the regular organization has yet to make any moves. Things look splintered, and there is no compromise candidate acceptable to reformers and regulars in sight. The Democratic primary in June could see the gubernatorial nomination in the hands of a party regular (Mario Pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first conservative book on a subject that is often thought about but seldom talked about . . .



The Jew in American Politics

by Nathaniel Weyl, author of "Red Star Over Cuba"

375 pages including 28 pages of documentation and 7-page index.
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

AMERICAN JEWS, says Nathaniel Weyl in this trailblazing book, are a political enigma. Here, in the most privileged country the world has ever known, Jews occupy a uniquely privileged niche. They are an elite within an elite. Weyl cites an abundance of figures that bear out what is generally known. Proportionately, affluent Jewish families outnumber affluent Christian families nearly four to one. Jews make up 3.5% of the population but earn 10% of the total personal income, number 20% of American millionaires. The figures are equally impressive in terms of higher education, percentage of scientists and professionals, artists and writers.

Plainly, American Jews stand out as our great national achievers. Yet, for a generation and more, the majority of them have been pulled toward a Liberal-to-radical stance. Many have sympathized with the Soviet Union and fought anti-Communists. *Why?*

And why, on the other hand, do most Jews shun conservatism, when conservatism stresses individualism, diversity, order, reward for achievement, respect for the right of a man or a minority to be different? These questions form the theme of one of the most enlightening, one of the most important, one of the most outspoken books you will read this year.

Why This Book Could Usher in a New Chapter in American Political History

As Nathaniel Weyl sees it, the long romance between American Jewry and Liberal-to-radical politics is cooling. Not that he expects a breakup tomorrow. But three powerful forces are combining to lead American Jews, out of elemental self-interest, to take a hard look at 1968's political realities. And when this political realignment becomes a fact, we think *The Jew In American Politics* will take its place on the select shelf reserved for Books That Made American History. Mr. Weyl's book is not only the first to presage a Jewish turn to conservatism; he shows us *why* it ought to happen, why conservatism and American Jews are made for each other.

Risk-Free Inspection

May we send you an inspection copy of *The Jew In American Politics?* If not well pleased, you are free to return it any time within a month of delivery, and you will receive a full refund (plus extra money to repay you for return postage). Mail coupon below to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

To your bookseller or:

Unexpected Facts and Startling Ideas Challenge You On Every Page. A Sampling:

- Exactly why Jews are our great national achievers.
- Little-known facts about Jewish voting patterns (ignorance of which causes repeated GOP political blunders in the cities and suburbs).
- Joe McCarthy and the Jews. Astonishing figures from poll that tested anti-Semitism among McCarthyites and anti-McCarthyites.
- 8 denominations compared on their view of security vs. opportunity. How Protestants, Catholics and Jews compared.
- Differences between Israeli and American Jews over Zionism. Racial problems inside Israel, and what they portend for Israel's future. How these problems may affect American Jewish attitudes on integration.
- American Jewish Committee and its brittle assumptions about "prejudice." Weyl's own clear-eyed view. Startling findings of Bettelheim and Janowitz: why don't they shake up the AJC and its followers?
- Is the John Birch Society anti-Semitic? Surprising figures on Jewish support of the Birch Society.
- Statistical sampling of pro- and anti-Jewish feeling among Protestants, Catholics, Negroes, labor; by age, sex and education; by section of the country.
- Surprise for intellectuals: the one group that stood by Goldwater.
- Dirty pool from the ADL. Its treatment of Fred Schwarz and his Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. Survey of Schwarz followers gives the lie to Epstein-Forster-ADL innuendoes. Weyl raises the ultimate question about the ADL.
- Jewish radicalism and Jewish fear of anti-Semitism: the important relationship.
- Middle East panorama: as Communism and socialism grow, so grows anti-Semitism.
- Who are the anti-Semites? Class differences between German and American anti-Semites. Do anti-Semites manifest an "authoritarian personality"? Bettelheim on why Jews prefer to reduce the anti-Semite to a stereotype.
- What national groups make the best Americans? How **Fortune** poll ranks 7 prominent groups.
- Rise of Negro anti-Semitism — played down by ADL. Why merchants "overcharge" the Negro. What happened when one Jewish group did **not** move out of its neighborhood when Negroes moved in.
- How large a role did Jews play in the Communist Revolution? What about now?

How to get this book

FREE

Would you prefer us to send you *The Jew In American Politics* free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 40 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly Selection, merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail it today.

ARLINGTON HOUSE

81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, Nathaniel Weyl's *The Jew In American Politics*. My payment of $6.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City/Zone*_____ *State*_____

NR-293

☐ **Send THE JEW IN AMERICAN POLITICS free and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months, at 20% to 75% discounts.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caccino?) and the Left hopelessly splintered, with some backing the party man and others supporting a minor-party spoiler.

Nelson Rockefeller, meanwhile, looks stronger than ever, though his egregious over-support of Goodell has infuriated the Conservative Party. He'll pitch his campaign to the "silent majority" (issues: crime, narcotics addiction, ecology); he rejoices publicly that President Nixon will support him and campaign for him; he won't raise taxes this year, and his party is firmly united behind him. He looks like a good bet, unless—and it just might happen—John Lindsay puts on all his feathers and leaves the reservation, as a Democratic or independent candidate.

The Fruits of Integration

Recent surveys by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare point to the conclusion that systematic federal attempts to integrate the nation's public schools have resulted in social and educational deterioration. In the years since the *Brown* decision (1954), federal authority has moved beyond the striking down of segregationist state laws and sought to mix the races through various kinds of positive measures: redistricting, enforcing guidelines, insisting on racial balance and so forth. This great enterprise in social engineering has produced predictable results.

A spot-check survey just completed by the Office of Education failed to find a single integrated high school —anywhere—that was free from racial conflict. In such urban centers as New York City and Chicago, racial animosity in the high schools is so intense that only the presence of large numbers of police can assure even a precarious order. Needless to say, such an atmosphere is not conducive to learning.

But though some of the schools that have been integrated are in a state of incipient race war, the integrationist drive has in fact produced relatively few integrated schools. A pattern of "resegregation" exists all across the nation: as a local public school becomes integrated, the whites move elsewhere, and the school then becomes resegregated. This year, public schools in Washington, D.C. are 95 per cent Negro, the whites having departed for the surrounding suburbs: a pattern that is a product of class as well as of racial differences—Negroes who have become middle-class are also leaving the central city, for they too find its social conditions intolerable. Elsewhere the tendency is the same, though the process of resegregation is not so far advanced as in Washington. More than half the Negro pupils in the North attend schools that are 95 to 100 per cent Negro.

The results of fifteen years of the integrationist drive are now in. The federally inspired attempt to mix the races has had three spectacular results: 1) It did integrate some schools, a minority, but succeeded thereby in turning many of them into racial battlegrounds and crippling others for purposes of education; but 2) viewed nationwide it largely failed, since whites faced with integration either moved out or switched to private schools; and 3) it made a vast contribution to urban decay by driving middle-class, tax-paying whites out of the central cities and into the suburbs.

And yet despite the almost uniformly disheartening results, the integrationist drive persists because it is so intimately a part of liberal ideology, which, in its various forms, characteristically hates, fears and strives to transcend "irrational" differences of culture, race, sex and so on. As the "irrational" differences fade away, so runs the odd liberal amalgam of hope and assumption, "humanity" will find its common denominators and become homogeneous—"mankind," forever more, amen.

Only in the real world it doesn't seem to work out that way. People in fact perceive the "irrational" differences as real, and even as definitive, and they vote with their feet. The word "integration," therefore, should now receive a new definition, one more in harmony with the historic American social reality; it should be redefined as "integration into the American social system"—which has by no means really produced a melting-pot homogeneity. As Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan have shown in *Beyond the Melting Pot*, the melting pot did not in fact melt very much, and we remain a nation of many distinctive groups. Hansen's so-called "law" in sociology, indeed, holds that the third generation of an American ethnic group is likely to insist upon its ethnic particularity with a special intensity. And everywhere, the desire for differentiation seems powerful; endogamy remains the norm, exogamy the aberration; ethnic neighborhood and locality and attitude persist from generation to generation; people naturally—if, from a liberal standpoint, irrationally—prefer the company of those similar in manner and mode, and resist random association.

By 1970, the entire process of forced integration, fueled as it is by abstract ideology and a priori theories about human nature, has brought racial relations to a point of exacerbation unknown since Reconstruction, and the messages from reality have begun to shake the faith of even such professional federal integrationists as Leon Panetta, HEW's civil rights chief. "We need a congressional investigation of this whole question of the results of integration," he declares—but, meanwhile, we will get more of the same: "In the meantime, we do what the law says we should do." A fanatic, as George Santayana once said, is a man who redoubles his efforts after he has lost sight of his goals.

Why Not Relax and Enjoy It?

Many Senate liberals are having sad second thoughts about their triumphant rejection of Judge Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court, Judge Carswell being considerably less to their ideological taste. "We'd better go along this time," said one of them to a colleague, "or at least stay out of town when the vote comes up, or maybe it will be Robert Welch next."

Washington, July 19, 1972 (AP)—President Nixon to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memo to: all NR Readers

Re: "Jesus Rediscovered,"
a new book by Malcolm Muggeridge

I have just this minute finished it, and I can't resist the urge to recommend it to you. "Jesus Rediscovered" is filled with fascinating images and fast-moving ideas; refreshing opinions and polemical brilliance; witty, eloquent and often moving arguments. You will also find annoying cynicism, exasperating hardheadedness, outrageous simplifications and, throughout, a cleverness that is as hilarious and enjoyable when Muggeridge is championing what you believe as it is maddening when he is saying things that you know you disagree with!

Yes, all in one book. I can't really think of anyone I know who wouldn't enjoy it -- Muggeridge really sets the intellectual juices running: if you are at all interested in God, religion, modern times, ancient times, St. Augustine, Harold Wilson, Tolstoy, "contemporary" morals, ethics, politics, science, technology, the Pill, divorce, etc., etc., etc. -- it's all here and, believe it or not, much more too.

Or so it seems to me, having just put the book down. I do know that this is the first time I have ever asked Bill Buckley's ok to offer you a book that has nothing to do with ... how shall I put it? ... "conventional" political or social topics. Yet in his own inimitable fashion, Muggeridge touches upon just about every conceivable subject, and raises all the worthwhile questions. Here are a few samples:

- "People say that the Bible is a boring book... but they don't say that about Shakespeare, because the people who teach Shakespeare are zealous for Shakespeare."

- "How I envy the historian who, like Gibbon, will look back across the centuries at the hilarious spectacle of Marxist/Christian dialogues attempting to find common ground between the brutal atheism of the Communist Manifesto and the Sermon on the Mount, of pious clergymen attaching themselves to enraged mobs shouting for Black Power..."

- "I suppose every age has its own particular fantasy; ours is science. A seventeenth-century man like Pascal, though himself a mathematician and scientist of genius, found it quite ridiculous that anyone should suppose that rational processes could lead to any ultimate conclusions about life, but easily accepted the authority of the Scriptures. With us it is the other way round."

- "I used to suppose that [the Church], having so valiantly and obstinately defended its citadel against the assaults of a triumphant and vainglorious scientific materialism, would celebrate a well-deserved victory. Instead, to my amazement, just when the attacking forces were about to withdraw in disarray, the citadel's defenders have opened their gates and emerged bearing white flags."

- "Alas, dead or alive, He is still God, and eternity ticks on even though all the clocks have stopped."

But enough. Perhaps I'm wrong; maybe you wouldn't like this kind of thing at all. But for those who do, we depart, just this once, from the "usual" premium to offer you something really different, free with your subscription, as per the card facing this page. Use the card now, though -- when the book supply is used up, that's it.

J.P.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day nominated Cletus Gaptooth of Shotgun, Miss. to the Supreme Court, to fill the seat vacated by Abe Fortas.

The President said he felt sure Mr. Gaptooth would be confirmed by the Senate, despite its rejection of the nine earlier nominees.

Mr. Gaptooth, operator of the Dixie-Belle Frozen Custard Shoppe on the outskirts of Shotgun, has served as an Assistant Justice of the Peace since 1967. From 1956 until that year, he was Acting Road Commissioner of Petal County.

Sen. Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) charged that in 1961, Mr. Gaptooth paved a dirt road leading to the Magnolia Watermelon Stand, then operated by his brother Verman. Sen. Bayh also said his staff is investigating Mr. Gaptooth's ownership of stock in the Pickaninny Peanut Butter Co.

Informed of Sen. Bayh's charges, Mr. Gaptooth said he had "no comment for no lyin', mongrelizin' New York newspapers."

Who Pays for Anti-Pollution?

In his address on the State of the Union the President not only jumped onto the anti-pollution bandwagon but pushed right into the driver's seat. It could have been an editorial in *Saturday Review* describing how "70 per cent of our people live in metropolitan areas choked by traffic, suffocated by smog, poisoned by water, deafened by noise and terrorized by crime"; Professor Arthur Schlesinger himself never came out more squarely for "improving the quality of life." In the purest noble-savage tradition of Rousseau, Mr. Nixon portrayed "restoring nature to its natural state" as "an aim beyond party and beyond faction." But if his philosophy was a bit wobbly, his politics were as usual right on line. Anti-pollution—"clean air, clean water, open spaces"—is the sure-fire issue of the . . . well, of the season. The President used the unmatchable prestige of his office to grab hold of it. The Democrats—especially poor Senator Muskie, who had been conscientiously boning up on environmental science, ecology and biodynamics, planning to make his run for the Presidential nomination as Mr. Cleanser—ground their teeth, and pleaded that no Republican could really be trusted to wash out the national stable.

The President's speech seemed to make it unanimous for purity, but close in its wake were heard the first faint voices of tentative dissent on this seemingly unchallengeable issue. On a Massachusetts TV program, Mrs. Martin Luther King wondered whether money for anti-pollution might be subtracted from money for ghettos. Was it going to be water rights *v.* human rights? Liberal Democratic columnist Clayton Fritchey suggested the same sort of query: "In the name of fighting inflation, the President is about to veto the HEW bill because it appropriates $1.1 billion more for education that he requested. If this relatively modest sum is inflationary . . . what about Nixon's proposals to spend $10 billion to curb pollution?" Fritchey's figures, as so often with these types, are a fraud as he puts them. The HEW $1.1 billion is an outright appropriation for a single year; the $10 billion is a proposal for a five- to ten-year program, only partly financed by federal funds. Still, as Fritchey sums up, "It's a nice question."

Who *is* going to pay for all the environmental therapy we are now promising ourselves? The general feeling seems to be that They are going to foot the bill: that is, "government" and the despoiler, Big Business. Now it is undoubtedly true that most of the money for any cleaning up of the water, air and land is going to be channeled through governmental agencies or business corporations. Unfortunately this will not mean that They are donating the money for our health, comfort and aesthetic enjoyment. The money paid out by government will come from taxes that *we* pay. With respect to this government-channeled portion of the money, Mrs. King's comment is apt. Since tax payments cannot be infinite, the portion of the tax take assigned to anti-pollution must reduce, relatively, the portion parceled out for other things that we may need or want. The anti-pollution money spent by business, whether voluntarily in response to market demands or under the duress of governmental regulations, penalties and tax incentives, will be in the future, as it has been in the past, part of the cost of doing business and thus translated into the cost of the product or service that we, the consumers, will pay. In paying for anti-pollution, They turns out to be We.

Somewhere along the line, as the initial thrill of the anti-pollution crusade quiets down, these annoying economic constraints will sink into public awareness. We will face the fact that we can't have everything. We want clean air, land and water, but we—*we*—are going to have to pay for it. So we shall then begin asking ourselves: How much do we want anti-pollution, and how much of it, compared to other things we also want? Obviously we want things clean enough so that they won't kill us all off or shorten our lives by half or spread horrible plagues or surround us with intolerable ugliness. To prevent even these extremes in the next generations is evidently going to cost a lot. But are we really ready to pay the multiplied taxes, and zooming bills for electricity, automobile, paper, food, packaging, transport and whatnot in order to get that last 5 per cent of gloop out of the air of our cities so that it will come to our lungs like the zephyrs breathed by Lieut. Zebulon Pike when he reached his peak? Unchlorinated spring water is certainly delicious, but to keep the billions of gallons needed daily by a great city pure and healthy without chemical additives would cost a pretty penny indeed, and maybe we'd prefer spending part of that for . . . well, maybe even for a silly new gadget that strikes our fancy.

However much we spend, we're not going to succeed, in spite of the President, in getting back to a natural nature. For one thing, there is no such thing as a given, static Nature. Nature is the world of time in which all things change, in which oceans change to deserts, ice to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountains, and living species flourish and die by the hundreds of millions. We men, if in spiritual essence transcending her, are also part of nature, altering and shaping nature as nature in turn shapes us. There is no Time Machine that can return us to a clean, pure, idyllic past—which, as it happens, never existed in the first place.

Nixon and Israel

President Nixon's message to a National Emergency Conference of 1,400 Jewish leaders in Washington appeared to draw back from the "even-handed" approach to Mideast affairs outlined by Secretary William Rogers last December—though the differences may have been more in tone than in substance. For example, Mr. Nixon said that "The United States stands by its friends. Israel is one of its friends." To be sure. But Secretary Rogers had stressed the desire of the United States that *all* of the Middle Eastern nations should be its friends, a desire reflected in proposals which would require concessions from both sides.

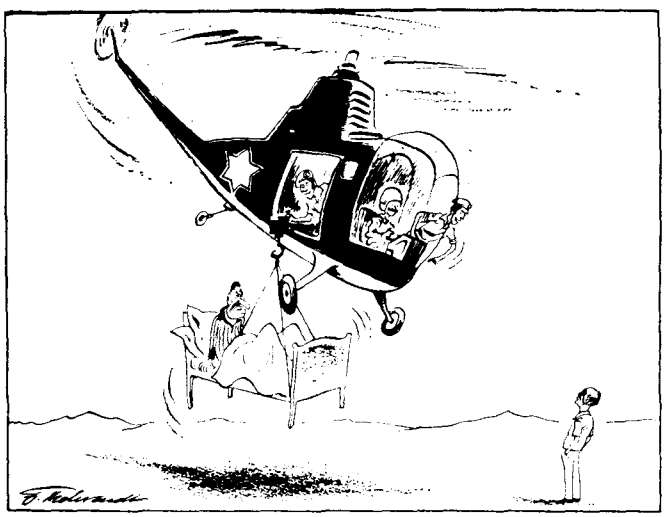
The differences between the Rogers and Nixon statements reflects the pressure brought to bear on the Administration since December. (See *NR*, Jan. 27, p. 69.) So aroused have emotions become, in fact, that French Premier Georges Pompidou is worried about the public reaction to his planned visit to Washington, and has sent an aide ahead to try to anticipate events; and Ambassador Sargent Shriver has been advised by friends to resign *before* the Pompidou visit, in order to avoid accompanying Pompidou as required by protocol. The Chase Manhattan Bank continues to be the object of particular ire. As columnist Jack Anderson reports, "several depositors withdrew their money from Chase Manhattan after press reports ascribed a backstage role to David Rockefeller, its president, in guiding Middle East policy. Pressure was also brought upon New York State's Comptroller Levitt and the city's Comptroller Beame to withdraw public funds from the bank."

Ever since the 1956 Suez campaign, Israel has faced subtle problems with regard to its international image. American liberals, who have always constituted a natural reservoir of pro-Israeli sentiment, also like to think of themselves as favoring the underdog and standing up for the victim. Yet the image of Israel as underdog—which in fact she may still be—has lost international credibility as her victories accumulate.

But a process of image restructuring got underway in the wake of Secretary William Rogers' now famous speech promising an "even-handed" U.S. Middle-East policy. First, prominently positioned on page one of the *N.Y. Times* (Dec. 22) there appeared a story by Tad Szulc reporting an unidentified Washington "leak," confirmed by "a White House spokesman"—also unnamed—to the effect that a group of top industrial leaders had met with President Nixon and, warning him about a deteriorating U.S. position in the Middle East, urged him to improve relations with the Arabs. In the Szulc writeup, heavy stress was placed on the oil factor. The story noted that the men present "included David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, John J. McCloy, former president of Chase Manhattan, and Robert B. Anderson, former Secretary of the Treasury and a director of Dresser Industries, which has oil interests in Kuwait and Libya." The meaning of the story was unstated but clear: the Administration was selling out Israel in favor of "the interests."

The whole thing could now be projected as familiar liberal melodrama. Israel could be perceived as a victim of "conservative" material interests—Arab oil and vast American corporate wealth. "Human rights" could reassuringly be asserted against "property rights." "It appears," read the ads, "that our government is influenced by the oil interests. Surely the United States will not take the view that Arab oil is thicker than Jewish blood." (The rhetoric works to dehumanize the Arabs: "Jewish blood" is balanced off against "Arab oil.") The throb of moral righteousness resounded in the prose of Max Lerner: "The crunch is oil, and again oil. 'Even-handed' diplomacy is the outer glove, but the fist within it is the power of oil. That power has shown itself in a double way, within the space of a few days. First when a group of bankers and oil industry leaders had dinner at the White House, with Henry Kissinger in attendance, and urged the very policy which Secretary Rogers quickly adopted. . . ."

But it now develops that the original leak to the *Times* was something of a phony. David Rockefeller did visit Nasser and King Hussein, but when he returned to the U.S. his appointment with President Nixon was for the purpose of discussing Latin American policy. In the course of this meeting he mentioned the fact that Nasser had expressed unhappiness over deteriorating relations with the U.S. The President then informed Rockefeller about Rogers' planned statement, which had been finished five weeks before, had already been mimeographed,



Het Parool, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

"Where shall we put him down, Moshe?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was, moreover, consistent with the earliest Administration statements on the matter—such as William Scranton's. But this embroidered story in the *Times*, and the subsequent columns, ads and stories it inspired, has helped to establish an Israeli image more in harmony with liberal ideological habit.

As the entire question of the Administration's Middle Eastern policy becomes involved in pressure and counterpressure, overheated polemic and runaway emotion, the danger exists that the objective conception of national interest upon which Rogers' statement was based will be lost.

Watch on the Elbe

It might seem at first glance that Willy Brandt is hell-bent for German reunification. Suddenly West Germany wants to hold talks with the Ulbricht regime, and no longer insists that before reunification there must be free elections in the East. But Brandt's gestures to East Germany must be seen in the context of his broader *Ostpolitik*. What West Germany wants, now, is trade with Eastern Europe, her natural market. Thus the talks with a number of satellite countries, thus the hedging on Bonn's old insistence that the Oder-Neisse line must go. Talks with East Germany are merely one phase of a larger operation—and nobody, least of all Brandt, expects too much to come of them too quickly. Ulbricht's slightly warmer atttitude indicates nothing beyond the fact that Moscow is putting pressure on him to be nice for the time being (a sign of more trouble ahead far away on the Russian-Chinese border).

So Brandt, while opening the door to talks, went out of his way to condemn the "blockheaded" tyrants of the East, with whom there can be "no rotten compromise," reaffirmed his reliance on "the security and friendship of proven alliances" with the Western powers, dismissed formal recognition of East Germany by Bonn as out of the question, and announced plans to visit Washington in April. East Germany, for its part, welcomed the idea of talks, made the same old demands and, most recently, harassed briefly the highway corridor into West Berlin. . . .

Two, Three, Many Dallases!

Everyone has seen those studies by academic social scientists which attempt to explain the phenomenon of right-wing political opinion by means of psychological or sociological theory. Their evident assumption is that the liberal-Left position is so self-evidently true that any deviation from it must represent some sort of pathological condition. One of the pioneers at this kind of thing was Harold Lasswell, who adapted Freudian theory to explain right-wing political behavior in his famous *Authoritarian Personality* (1950). According to Lasswell and his followers, the right-winger was an individual who hated his repressive father, but displaced this antagonism by directing it at authority figures in his society: FDR, the "insiders," the bureaucracy and so on.

The Lasswell approach was fashionable for a while, but it didn't seem to lead anywhere; indeed, just under its surface, there were alarming implications: since Freud posited Oedipal feelings as universal, Lasswell could be read as suggesting that *everyone* is an incipient right-winger. Then, during the middle and latter Fifties, the sociologists had their fling.

In the books and essays of Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset and Richard Hofstadter, another explanation was posited: right-wingers were people who were declining in social status, they were genteel povs, "little old ladies in tennis shoes," who directed their anger at the groups they felt to have displaced them. But this theory had to be broadened to account for the political reality: quite visibly, not all right-wingers were declining in status—some were *rising*. So the sociologists developed a formulation which covered the field: right-wingers were either falling or rising. This theory possessed overwhelming charm, for it suggested to the holder of liberal opinions that he was neither falling nor rising, that his status was assured and stable, that in fact he had *no* status anxieties at all: he might really teach on Morningside Heights, but he was the modern equivalent of a landed gentleman, or even a seventeenth-century duke.

But this theory, like the psychological one, had an illusory quality. In a mobile society practically everyone —lo, even Daniel Bell and Richard Hofstadter—is on the move in one direction or another as far as status is concerned. The theory described the right-winger only because it described Americans.

In the February issue of *Psychology Today*, Alan C. Elms in an important article lets the cat out of the bag. With rod and gun, ink-blot tests and questionnaires, he took himself into the heart of right-wing darkness itself, Dallas, Texas, and carefully scrutinized the natives. Results? Well, "Extreme as Mr. Baldwin was politically, he gave little indication of psychological abnormalities. . . . Mr. Field . . . displayed no noticeable

A Bun in Every Oven

George McGovern's flipped his lid:
Fifty bucks for every kid!
(Fifty bucks a *month*, that is.)
The conception's strictly his.
Will the new McGovern bill
Put the kibosh on The Pill?
Will the population curve
Take a sudden, upward swerve?
Frankly, folks, it sure beats stocks,
And it's strictly orthodox.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peculiarities other than still being single at the age of 42. . . . Mrs. Stevens had a college degree, had built 'a good life' with her husband, didn't like housework, but said she was trying to give her children a good home." Summing it up, Mr. Elms concludes: "Two out of 21 rightists, a proportion not much different from the average for the general population, had what seemed to be severe psychological problems; several others (but no more than among the non-extreme liberals in my sample) had minor problems. . . . The majority seemed to be psychologically healthy and stable and appeared never to have been otherwise. . . . The extreme rightists in my sample hardly differed from liberals on occupational mobility or job satisfaction. . . . For the most part, they seemed 'pleasant, considerate and law-abiding.'"

Normal, in other words. Normal! At the end of his article, Elms is stunned by an apocalyptic vision: "Leftist radicals, in imitation of Che Guevara's call for 'Two, three, many Vietnams,' occasionally dream of creating 'Two, three, many Berkeleys' in this country. But I see a more likely trend . . . Two, three, many Dallases."

Dept. of Applied Rhetoric

September 29, 1969. Indiana University President Joseph L. Sutton to his faculty: "With full appreciation for the enthusiasm, the ambitions and the over-all knowledge possessed by our student population, I must say to you—as I will say to them—that I do not believe that politics of confrontation has a role in university life. In this respect, I must report that I will entertain no so-called non-negotiable demands; or more precisely, I will not entertain demands of any kind. On the other hand, I will make myself available for adult discourse on any and all problems which anyone—student, faculty member, colleague or alumnus—wishes to raise. Neither I nor any member of this administration . . . will yield to coercion. If force is used in any form, I give you my pledge that it will be met with an adequate response."

October 15, 1969, Moratorium Day. The president of Indiana's SDS chapter leads a raid on ROTC headquarters, attempts to break down the doors and smashes glass.

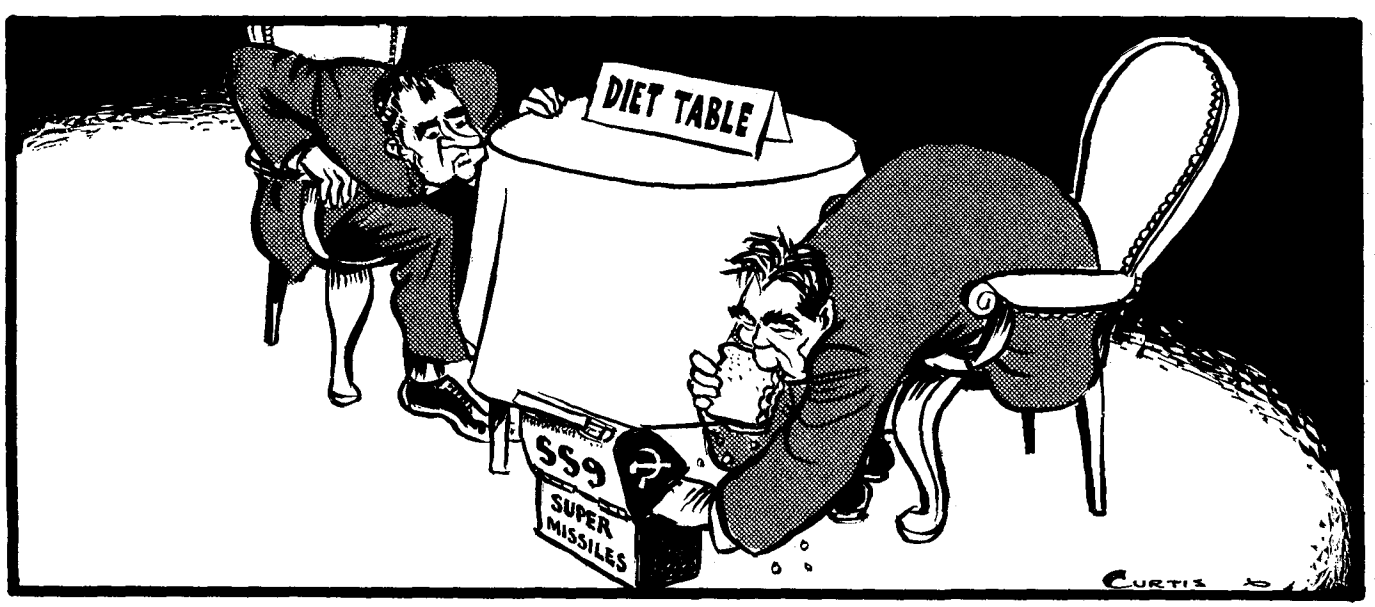
October 18, 1969. The president of the SDS is expelled from Indiana University.

Well Done, Mr. Martin

The record alone indicates that William McChesney Martin is a remarkable man. President of the New York Stock Exchange at 31, President of the Export-Import Bank, a key man in the Treasury, then Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve for nineteen years. Few men, in any era, fail to succumb to the enticements which such a series of positions offer, the prestige, the political power, the headlines.

Cynics have suggested that Mr. Martin was kept in check by the populists in Congress, the most conspicuous of whom was Representative Patman from Texas, arch-foe of tight money and dear friend of the small-town bankers. About twice a year Mr. Patman would produce, direct and play the lead role in congressional hearings about matters financial. Mr. Martin would be summoned, appear with perhaps one assistant, and dutifully play the role assigned, sitting in silence while the Congressman read a twelve-page lecture on the evils of high interest rates, large banks and hard-hearted central bankers. The cynics err.

Mr. Martin has been one of our leading statesmen of the past twenty years. But at the same time he possesses that most valued and envied capability that we associate



Disarmament Negotiations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the master politician: the ability to reconcile the conflicting views of associates and subordinates without imposing a personal decision. He was famous for his role in the sometimes heated meetings of his own Board and the Open Market Committee, that obscure group of twelve men who make money "tight" or "easy." His interventions were generally infrequent and short. Frequently, after a discussion had become a bit too acrimonious, he would interrupt with, "Well, gentlemen, I think we are more or less in agreement on that subject. Now let us move on."

But what confirmed Mr. Martin as a statesman was his ability to keep guiding principles always in sight, never letting any individual, government department or central bank forget that he considered these principles inviolate. Above all these was his profound understanding that ever since money ceased being gold and silver coin, its value has rested solely on men's confidence in its future purchasing power. Destroy that confidence and you destroy its value; destroy its value and you paralyze the incredibly complex and delicate economic machinery that enables society to fulfill its material wants. Our enthusiasm for his successor, Arthur Burns, does not diminish our high estimate of William McChesney Martin.

Notes & Asides

■ The reader response to the letters of Whittaker Chambers published in the last two issues of the magazine has been such that we decided to extend the size of the current issue so as to allow us to publish a slightly larger installment than we originally planned to do. Even so, we have given you less than 20 per cent of the whole, which is now available in the hardback edition of the book, *Odyssey of a Friend*, published by Putnam's, and available at the bookstores.

Or so we would suppose. Our old friend Ideology went so quickly to work that one magazine, *New York*, denounced the book (as we have noted) before it even left the warehouse—which certainly entitles the reviewer to the ESP Reviewer's Award of the Year. And then there is the *Saturday Review*: but no, let one of our readers tell it . . .

Editor, *Saturday Review*
Dear Sir:
In "Trade Winds" (January 3 issue) your Jerome Beatty Jr. writes:

> A list of books I'm not too sure I will have an interest in would start with *Odyssey of a Friend: Whittaker Chambers' Letters to William F. Buckley Jr. 1954-1961*, to be published in a couple of weeks by Putnam's.

It might do him some good to read it. The January 13 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW quotes a letter from Whittaker Chambers to William F. Buckley, Jr., dated April 6, 1954. At that time you, as Mr. Beatty's employer, were quite interested in Mr. Chambers, having asked him to review Buckley's book *McCarthy and His Enemies*. He declined, making the astute comment to Buckley that:

> *Saturday Review* wired me to review your book, hoping, under the guise of a fraudulent fairness, to draw me toward the fangs with the coils thus generously looped out.

Cordially yours,
Abraham Ellis, New York

But the letters speak for themselves. And no reviewer who has read the volume has been capable of finding absolutely no merit in these letters. For instance, the *New York Times* (of January 21, reviewed by John Leonard), called the letters "extraordinary," but lamented he could not prove it by quoting from them extensively. And then,

> He worried about the meaning of life and death. Odd. And oddly this spiritual preoccupation, this sense of the distance between an individual and history, this messy groping for reasons, this intuition of impotence, this longing for deliverance by the technological wheel, this reluctance to give up on ravished values, this gloomy determination to accommodate man as he is known and the mysteries as they are suspected, is much closer to the mood of our youth today than the social engineers are willing to admit. Chambers anticipated our material abundance and our spiritual aridity; he also anticipated our inability to cope with it.

■ Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Esq.
Dear Arthur:

I hope that Mr. Steibel [the producer of *Firing Line*] inaccurately reported a conversation with you concerning a proposed appearance on *Firing Line*. He told me that you declined to appear on the program because you do not want to "help" my program, and you do not want to increase my influence, although to be sure you hope that the program survives. It seems to me that the latter desire is by definition vitiated by the initial commitment. If all the liberals who have appeared on *Firing Line* reasoned similarly, it would necessarily follow that the program would cease to exist—or is it your position that other liberals *should* appear on the program, but that *you* should not? And I should have thought it would follow from your general convictions that a public exchange with me would diminish, rather than increase, my influence. And anyway, the general public aside, shouldn't you search out opportunities to expose yourself to my rhetoric and wit? How else will you fulfill your lifelong dream of emulating them?

Yours cordially,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES BURNHAM

TELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

In their recounting of events, liberal ideologues used to need only a moderate distortion of the pattern to bring it sufficiently into line with their axioms and sentiments. Nowadays, as the gap between their ideas and reality deepens into a gulf, their stratagems become more desperate. They are driven not merely to bend but to falsify and erase the record. I cite as typical instance the review in *New York Times Book Review*, Jan. 4—by, typically, a Harvard professor, Gerald Holton—of Philip M. Stern's *The Oppenheimer Case*.

I will not begin with such gems as "the story sometimes reads as if it were the transcript of a purge trial in Czechoslovakia"—though perhaps I should pause to wonder what transcript of what purge trial *in Czechoslovakia* Professor Holton had located. I want to limit attention to a single sentence.

Sheer Foolishness

"Despite all the material in the investigative reports of the FBI and in reports standing several feet long [sic] in the AEC files, despite a combing of fifteen years of Oppenheimer's life during most of which he was under constant surveillance, his movements watched, his mail and telephone calls checked, his professional monitors 'supplemented by enthusiastic amateur help from powerful, personal enemies' [a quote from Mr. Stern though an unguarded reader might perhaps suppose it from the record], the worst indiscretions that could be found were Oppenheimer's foolish lies a dozen years earlier regarding the Chevalier incident." Professor Holton cites no other "indiscretion."

Let us, to begin with, refresh our memories about who Chevalier was and what the "incident." Haakon Chevalier, a friend of Oppenheimer's, was a member of the Communist Party, living in the early Forties in San Francisco. An official of the Soviet consulate (an intelligence agent) used Chevalier as his transmitting agent to propose to Oppenheimer that he supply information concerning his work (i.e., the development of the A-bomb). Oppenheimer did not report this Soviet espionage initiative to U.S. security officials; then (as he acknowledged in the hearings) told a series of lies, each contradicting the former, concerning it. One might add as not wholly irrelevant to Oppenheimer's security potential that he continued to see Chevalier after this incident, and to assist him in various ways that included help in keeping a UNESCO job and getting a U.S. passport.

Next let us recall a few of the "indiscretions" established by the hearings and erased by Professor Holton.

Oppenheimer contributed money monthly to the Communist Party (through Isaac Folkoff) *before, during and after the Hitler-Stalin Pact*. (He stopped at least traceable contributions only when, in the spring of 1942, his name had been submitted for security clearance.)

His younger brother, Frank, whom he got a Manhattan District job, was a Communist.

His wife had been a card-carrying Communist and married to a Communist official. The time and mode of her leaving the Party were obscure—in her own testimony as in other evidence. Subsequent to that time she continued active association with Communists, in England and France as well as the U.S. During the war, after her marriage to Oppenheimer, she renewed acquaintance with Steve Nelson when he took charge of the Communist apparatus in the San Francisco area. The Oppenheimers exchanged visits with local Communists. They joined or contributed to Communist front organizations.

Many of the people Oppenheimer personally recruited into the Manhattan District had been Communist Party members. In postwar investigations those of them who admitted membership in the Party—some took the Fifth—were vague about departure from the Party, often placing it just prior to their joining the atomic project. Many continued associations with front organizations after the war. Some of them were not scientists: David Hawkins, for example, an amateur philosopher whom Oppenheimer made historian of Los Alamos.

Oppenheimer vigorously supported not only the A-bomb project but H-bomb research and development up until the nuclear attack on Japan. That is, he supported them until the defeat of both the reactionary "fascist" powers. Thereafter he became the chief opponent of H-bomb development, advocated the liquidation of Los Alamos, and pressed for disarmament.

Bigger Game Ahead

It is distasteful and wearisome to go over the facts of the Oppenheimer case once again. Oppenheimer's file has been examined by a higher tribunal than the Gray Commission; one would wish to let it rest. This the liberal ideologues will not permit, though they are interested only secondarily in Oppenheimer. Their target is the "security system" (Stern's book has the subtitle, "Security on Trial"); and, this time, security not merely in the narrower ("clearance") sense that they have always disliked and resented but in the broadest sense of national defense. They use their reconstruction of this case, like their revisionist reconstruction of cold war origins, to combat ABM, MIRV, Poseidon, MOL and all other advanced weapons systems. Why should we squander our substance on advanced weapons when there is in truth no enemy, when he and his agents and his dupes and his supposedly hostile acts and intentions are and always have been nothing but phantoms in the disordered imaginations of mad generals, lowbrow politicians and greedy armsmakers? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1970?

Will Italy go Communist?
Will the Mets stay on top?
Will the Beatles disband?
Will John Wayne finally win an Oscar?
Will Muhammad Ali fight again?

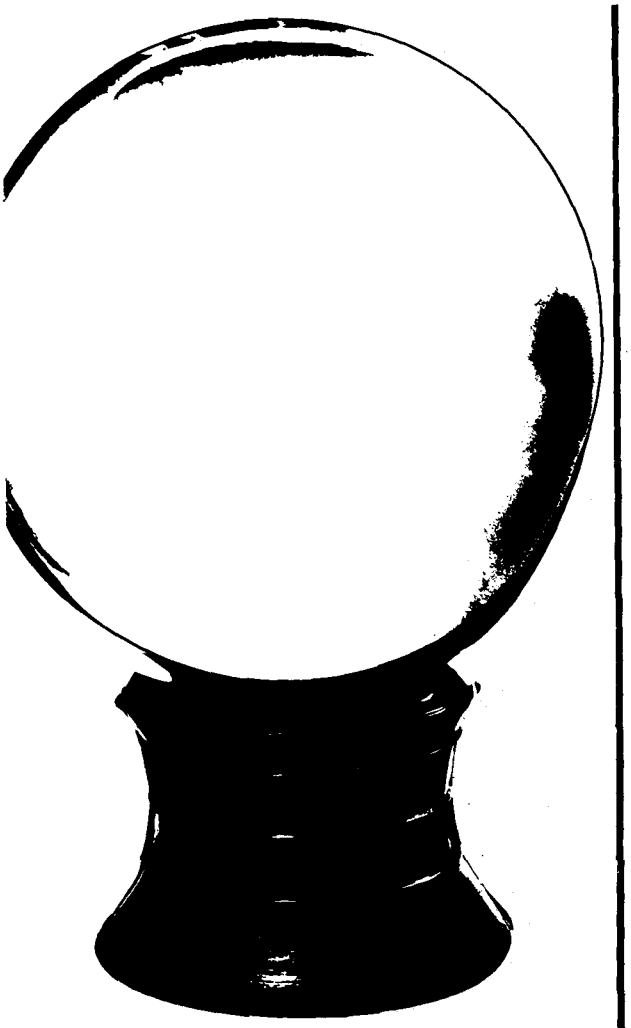
Will You Win $500.00 AND THE TITLE PROPHET OF THE YEAR?

Once again, NATIONAL REVIEW offers its readers and friends the chance to play prophet—and, perhaps, to win $500.00. That's the prize earmarked for the winner of our 1969 "Prophet of the Year" contest. There's a $250 prize for place, and $100 for show.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER—simply mark each statement on the entry form opposite "True" or "False." Fill in the rest of the form, send it to us, and start watching the headlines to see how your prophecies turn out.

BUT ACT NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 14, 1970, to be eligible. The form opposite, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. The winner will be named as soon after December 31, 1970, as entries can be graded. Judges will be the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



☐ Please enter my subscription to **NATIONAL REVIEW**, or extend my existing subscription, for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to:

Name _____ *(please print)*

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Bill me later*

☐ I do not choose to order a subscription, but do choose to exercise my right under the law to enter the contest just the same.

CONTESTANT'S NAME _____ *(please print)*

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

QUESTIONS for 1970 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest

Assuming the date to be December 31, 1970, mark each of the following statements "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

		TRUE	FALSE
1	Julie Eisenhower had a son.	☐	☐
2	Ronald Reagan was re-elected by a larger popular margin over his Democratic opponent than in 1966.	☐	☐
3	**The French Lieutenant's Woman** was still on the **New York Times** Best Seller list Sunday, July 5.	☐	☐
4	At least two members left the Nixon Cabinet.	☐	☐
5	The Mets failed to finish among the top two teams in their division.	☐	☐
6	The Democratic candidates for both governor and senator won in the New York election.	☐	☐
7	John Wayne finally won an Academy Award.	☐	☐
8	At least two of the following are dead: Jomo Kenyatta, Antonio Salazar, Charles de Gaulle, Harry Truman, Mao Tse-tung, Chiang Kai-shek, Pablo Casals, King Faisal, John W. McCormack.	☐	☐
9	The winner of the Kentucky Derby was not among the first three horses in the Preakness.	☐	☐
10	A military junta seized power in Tunisia.	☐	☐
11	A passenger-carrying Boeing 747 crashed with loss of life.	☐	☐
12	A center-left government including Communists is in power in Italy.	☐	☐
13	The Republican Party won control of at least one house of Congress.	☐	☐
14	At least one astronaut died during an Apollo moon mission.	☐	☐
15	Either Pablo Picasso or Pablo Casals (or both) revisited Spain.	☐	☐
16	At least three of the following are no longer heads of government: Harold Wilson, Marshal Tito, Colonel Papadopoulis, Ian Smith, Willy Brandt, Mao Tse-tung, General Franco.	☐	☐
17	There are still more than 200,000 U. S. military personnel in South Vietnam.	☐	☐
18	Muhammad Ali fought a heavyweight title bout in the U. S.	☐	☐
19	Richard Nixon nominated at least three Supreme Court justices.	☐	☐
20	The consumers' price index rose more than 4 per cent.	☐	☐
21	Israel still controls the east bank of the Suez Canal.	☐	☐
22	Eldridge Cleaver is alive and living in the U. S.	☐	☐
23	The Supreme Court declared capital punishment unconstitutional.	☐	☐
24	An American rock festival outdrew Woodstock (estimate of NR editors final).	☐	☐
25	The original Beatles quartet has broken up.	☐	☐

Tie-breaking question: *The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1970 was* _____.

(NB: All questions are assumed to refer to what happened during 1970, and to be answered as of the close of 1970.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

LETTERS TO WM. F. BUCKLEY Odyssey of a Friend

Part Three

I wrote in Esquire *(September 1962):* "*Eisenhower ran and was re-elected. Nixon was safely Vice President. Six months later Chambers wrote to say he wanted to sign up with* NATIONAL REVIEW. *Having made the decision, he was elated. After years of isolation and introspection, he was like a painter who had recovered his eyesight. He felt the overwhelming need to practice his art. How many things he wanted to write about, and immediately! Mushrooms, for instance. Some gentleman, in an act of supreme conceit, had recently published a $10 book on mycology, heaping scorn on one of Chambers' most beloved species of toadstool. Camus. What a lot of things needed to be said instantly about* The Myth of Sisyphus! *Djilas'* The New Class *was just out, and most of the critics had missed the whole point.*

"*I rented a one-engine plane and swooped down on him at Westminster to make our arrangements. I was to leave the next day for Europe, had to make the round trip in one day, and wanted to act immediately on Chambers' enthusiasm. He met me and we drove in his car to his farm. He told me the last time he had driven to the little grassy strip at Westminster, on which reckless pilots venture occasionally to land, was to greet Henry Luce, who had soared in from Washington to pay him an unexpected visit some months after Hiss's conviction. I remarked that such, obviously, is the traveling style of very important publishers. If he would not acknowledge that common denominator between me and Mr. Luce, I added, then he might recognize this one: such is the style of publishers who employ Whittaker Chambers. He laughed, but told me my manner was grossly imperfected. When Luce arrived, he said as we bounced about on the dusty road in his open Jeep, he had waiting for him at the airport a limousine to drive him to Chambers' farm. I made a note for my next landing. . . .*"

In the issue of August 31, 1957, the notice: "We are honored to announce that Mr. Whittaker Chambers will resume his career as a journalist to join the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW. *Mr. Chambers will write regularly, beginning in the next few weeks."*

Oct. 8, 1957

Dear Bill,

Yesterday I mailed Suzanne [La Follette] the top copy of the enclosed offering, my first to NR.[1] As I believe I have said to you before, I never know, when I have completed a piece, how horrible it is. I usually suppose the worst. Yet, rereading this, in the freshness of this early morning, it seemed to me to have spots that made readable copy. And, heaven knows, readable copy would be a boon to *NR* readers. I mean just literally readable.

No doubt, the editors in N.Y. are appalled by the degree by which *NR* has missed the news break on this one. If the piece is well done, according to my code, missed news pegs mean little. What counts is that *NR* should have something effective and summary to say. This presents difficulties of several orders, which I shall spare you here. Djilas, and what he implies and relates to, will be with us a long time. No doubt, I shall be with him a long time. The nub of the problem is to locate him (and much more, therefore, and many others) in this moment of history. It takes some doing; and I am, at the best of times, a maddeningly careful writer, going back and over and over, throwing away reams (quite literally reams) to have left a handful of copy. If what is left reads easily, I take the effort to be worth it. That is why, perhaps, like my friend, T. S. Matthews, "I do not like to write, but I like to have written."

MEANWHILE, the earth satellite. TV interrupted a World Series game to amplify the first terse announcement. [If I had had to explain my reaction] I think I should have had to begin something like this. In 1923, I was sitting in a restaurant on the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin, either at a big window or at a sidewalk table, I have forgotten which. What did the mark then stand at—forty million to the dollar? The exact ratio of catastrophe is unimportant. There walked past a handsomely dressed, extremely dignified woman. I would miss something to say that she was crying. Tears were streaming down her face; tears which she made no effort to conceal, which did not even distort her features. She simply walked slowly past, proudly erect, unconcerned about

1. "Soviet Strategy in the Middle East," NATIONAL REVIEW, October 26, 1957. The article was datelined Westminster, Maryland, and the opening read, "Talk, here in the farmlands, is chiefly of the heaviest frost of this date in a decade, and what it may have done to stands of late corn. Yet it cannot be said that we are wholly out of touch with the capitals of the mysterious East—Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad, New York."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Add in this datum: The satellite passed over Washington. One minute later it passed over New York. We have entered a new dimension. Like Goethe after the Battle of Valmy, we can note in our journals: "From this day, dates a new epoch of history; and you can say that you were there."

any spectacle she made. And this was the terrifying part: nobody paid the slightest attention to her. The catastrophe was universal. Everybody knew what she signified; nobody had anything left over from his own disaster to notice hers. She became one of my symbols of history in our time. With this unknown, slowly walking, weeping woman, as with something else that occurred a few weeks later (of which I think I once told you), I felt with Karl Barth; at that moment, "I found my hand upon the rope, and the great bell of prophecy began to toll." Does it sound wildly irrational to say that, when the newscaster interrupted the ballgame, I laughed because this woman walked again across my mind's eye? It is so. With her began the prophecy; the circling of the scientific moon was incipient in her walk-past. Something of this is what I was trying to express in some lines I scratched off, a month or two ago (I have the secret vice of versifying):

As I was crawling on the floor,
I heard a groaning in the wall;
Here, as well as in the town,
Everywhere the walls were down;
This was just before the Fall.

I got a little farther, but I cannot remember where. To have known this as a possible reality for more than thirty years, and to have been unable to communicate it sensibly to others, that is the heart of loneliness for any mind. Cassandra knew. It works out, too, in the simplest, most immediate ways. As soon as Esther and I were alone, I said: "They still do not see the point. The satellite is not the point. The point is the rocket that must have launched it." Of course, the scientists and the ranking military chiefs must have grasped this obvious implication at once. But it took three or four days for the organically stupid press to catch on. Consternation, of course. Add in this datum: The satellite passed over Washington. One minute later it passed over New York. We have entered a new dimension. Like Goethe after the Battle of Valmy, we can note in our Journals: "From this day, dates a new epoch of history; and you can say that you were there." Doubtless, the Americans will soon launch bigger and better moons. That, too, is not the point. Again, the point is: the battle for space is on. Foster Dulles, in a recent radio broadcast, dropped some casual, unintelligible words about the struggle for space. I said to Esther at the time: "That is the most interesting thing he said. What do you suppose he means? What does he see that we don't see?" There is a wonderful line in the *Journal of the Goncourt Brothers*, wonderful for its date, which is something like 1890. I shall not be able to quote it exactly from memory, but it goes something like this: "We have just been at the Academy where a scientist explained the atom to us. As we came away, we had the impression that God was about to say to mankind, as the usher says at five o'clock in the Louvre: 'Closing time, gentlemen.'" None of us knows whether this means closing time; none of us can fail to see that closing time is a distinct possibility. Unlike Goethe, I doubt that any of us can feel a particular elation in being able to say: "And you were there." I suspect that the best we can muster will be like the historic first words uttered by the King of Greece, on landing after the German occupation and the frightful civil war: "Nice weather we're having."

Our best to you both,

As always,
Whittaker

Oct. 23??, 1957 (Mon.)

Dear Bill,

My mind keeps spinning on your Nixon remark. I should expect our (his and my) position to be loosely similar on most issues. Yet I shall never be speaking for him; while I, like him, reach my conclusions independently. Conclusions I reach that may be of any use or of any interest to him, I freely submit. His rejection or concurrence is not my affair. We disagreed "sharply" at the outset, that is, in 1951 or was it early '52? He was judging in political terms, and, in those terms, was absolutely right. I had looked at General Eisenhower when he was still General Marshall's boy. I have never found any reason to revise the opinion I reached then. In that sense, I hold that I was right in 1951. He was thinking tactically. I held to a judgment that I could not yield on. I respect him for this tactical thinking and skill. I feel that he respects my refusal to yield. He knows that I will always tell him the truth as I see it. Intelligence can ask no more; and power seldom gets as much and seldom knows how to take advantage of it. I think he does. Besides, he has nothing that I want, and what he wants I would not want for him if he didn't want it. There are great areas, by which the world sets much greater store than I do, where I am as flexible as a snake. There are a few matters where my joints are calcified. These matters have to do with truth and reality in contexts that make them seem to me important.

As ever,
Whittaker

March 2. I saw my first robin this A.M., sitting, huddled, fluffed up and chilly on a bare branch, just like, I thought, a Republican candidate in 1958.

Aug. 14, 1958

Dear Bill,

I must note, in honesty, that I no longer seem to be of the slightest use to you or anybody else. This should be thought on. I am a casualty of the times, an extremely minor one, of interest even to myself only to the degree in which, as artist, I can get above myself, look around and draw some conclusions. To others I am simply a burden, gratuitous. Perhaps I can risk some pawings, and thereby land this letter, like the others, in the fireplace. The thesis implicit in *Witness* is that, for the West, the struggle is its own solution.

I am afraid that, much against my will and to the embarrassment of both of us, I must agree with Sartre's charge that Camus finds peace by subtracting himself from history. In my rocking chair I think of what Sisyphus thinks of when he descends the hill. But I also hear: All day the din of battle westward rolled. I want to struggle toward that sound. Then I see that I am disarmed and that the battle is for nothing.

Out of the struggle itself, the thesis goes, the West may rediscover in itself, or otherwise develop, forces that can justify its survival. Lacking these, the West is specifically described as "a dying world," or "the losing side." The deeper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counterpoint is orchestrated around my brother's suicide as one logical act in face of this world bereft of meaning; and my own rejection of suicide in a deliberate effort to act meaningfully upon that dying world. Thus, in personal terms is set forth what Camus has argued theoretically in *The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel* (without, necessarily, accepting his conclusions). In *Witness*, too, I declared myself a counterrevolutionist by express contrast with conservatism, which I found incapable of coping with revolution, for reasons given. So I invited consideration of counterrevolution as a course of action. By 1955, it seemed clear past question that the thesis of *Witness* is no go: for the West the conflict itself is not going to be its own solution. At least, the West is not going to rediscover in itself, or develop, any justifying energies—at any rate in terms meaningful to me. So far, it has responded in nothing but power terms whose logic (whether or not it ever comes to that) is simply apocalypse. Certainly it is not a solution of anything. Mr. Eisenhower's great speech (of yesterday) on Arab slum clearance sniffs at some solutions; it is late, but the bazaar may keep open late for a bargain. (At this point, mercifully for both of us, you telephoned.) I should probably have rambled on for pages. But all I was going to say is this: counterrevolution will not work—its solution is a bad one, and, if tried, must come to a bad end.

THE WEST keeps piling up weapons systems, which lead, of course, to two bad alternatives: 1) to retreat whenever there is any danger of using the weapons; 2) the temptation to use them, which is catastrophic. The East, at least for people like me, is a horror. This leaves me, sitting in my rocking chair, or tearing out to shoo the kingfisher away from eating my goldfish. I can't even indulge moral indignation at his expense; I'm a fish eater, too. Certainly I'm of no use to anybody. It is true, of course, that I also hear what Sisyphus listens to as he descends the hill—the little voices of the earth. I am afraid that, much against my will and to the embarrassment of both of us, I must agree with Sartre's charge that Camus finds peace by subtracting himself from history. In my rocking chair I think of what Sisyphus thinks when he descends the hill. But I also hear: All day the din of battle westward rolled. I want to struggle toward that sound. Then I see that I am disarmed and that the battle is for nothing. "You are dead, of course?" the Mayor of Riva asks the Hunter Gracchus, who is lying on the bier in [Franz] Kafka's fable. "Yes, of course, I am dead," the Hunter answers. "But you are also alive?" asks the Mayor. "Yes," says the Hunter, "in a certain sense, I am also alive." "A terrible fate," says the Mayor. In my American way, I should say: "Put up or shut up; fish or cut bait." That's the point I am at, and which you must think about. For I am simply a burden to you.

As always,
Whittaker

It was the Old Guard the voters wiped out in the last election. If anyone supposed that my published reaction thereto was a lament for the Old Guard, anyone has completely misread the piece. If the Rep. Party cannot get some grip of the actual world we live in and from it generalize and actively promote a program that means something to masses of people—why, somebody else will. There will be nothing to argue. The voters will simply vote Republicans into singularity.

*Shortly after writing this letter, Chambers told me that he wished to change his work habits, and to come to New York and work there with us putting out the magazine on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Accordingly, on alternate Tuesdays (*NR *is a fortnightly), he took to rising early, driving to Baltimore, and catching the train that brought him to New York in time for the editors' lunch at 12:30. After that, the editorial meeting at which assignments were given out to the editorial writers, of which he was one. We would work late, until about eight o'clock, and then would go out, the four or five of us, to dinner. Thus it went for four or five months, and then one Tuesday he did not come. I telephoned and learned that he had been struck down again and was held in bed, immobile, by his doctor's orders. In the anxious discussion with Mrs. Chambers I learned that it was her impression that it was I who had suggested that Whittaker come to New York. I was anxious to correct the record, and wrote him.*

Nov. 23??, 1958

Dear Bill,

Going to N.Y. was my doing, and nobody else's; and there should be no more laboring of that. Up there, no one could have been more kind to me than you were. My current condition was coming to me for a month or so, as I know well enough. Usually, I sit out the symptoms. I tried to sit out the last one. But it proved too strong. First night was rather poor. Next day, I was still alive; the following day even aliver. I intend to get up as soon as possible. As to N.Y., I shall return, though perhaps more cautiously at first. This heart business is much misunderstood, it seems to me, by the spectator. You can have some felling twinges, and quite extravagant pain, and get up, and go about your business. The real outsizers are warning, of course, that you had better go to bed or else. But the net virtual effect is that of an apparently bouncy soul who, nevertheless, claims a special illness. People feel cheated. You can see forming in the eyes of sympathetic onlookers an expression which means: "Why, he's not really dying." They want to go to the box office and get their money back. They do not know about the immortal fatigue or the tiny edge of stamina that keeps all this brave show going. No reason why they should.

I hear that you have turned thirty-three. Birthdays fill me with wonder that anyone should have survived so long in a world where so much is against that likelihood. I see that in this sense, they are occasions for surprise. Whether they are rightly occasions for rejoicing, I am of two minds.

I am picking away at another piece on the Republicans. Trouble ahead here, I am afraid. It was the Old Guard the voters wiped out in the last election. If anyone supposes that my published reaction thereto was a lament for the Old Guard, anyone has completely misread the piece. If the Rep. Party cannot get some grip of the actual world we live in and from it generalize and actively promote a program that means something to masses of people—why, somebody else will. There will be nothing to argue. The voters will simply vote Republicans into singularity. The Rep. Party will become like one of those dark little shops which apparently never sell anything. If, for any reason, you go in, you find, at the back, an old man fingering, for his own pleasure, some oddments of cloth (weave and design of 1850). Nobody

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wants to buy them, which is fine because the old man is not really interested in selling. He just likes to hold and to feel. As your eyes become accustomed to the dim kerosene light, you are only slightly surprised to see that the old man is Frank Meyer. So you see I am as always

Whittaker

Nov. 31, 1958

Dear Bill,

I have graduated to John's portable. It is a sullen machine: and neither of us trusts the other an inch, so I am not quite sure how it will turn out—the letter, I mean.

I always fail to see why an atheist should get excited about "unseating Him," if he believes (sic) that He isn't sitting there; and since, if He is, nobody can unseat Him, anyway. I even wonder if Max [Eastman] is an atheist. I bet he believes that E equals MC squared. In the age of the rocket and atomic plane, that's getting perilously close to faith.

I have no intention of remaining in bed much longer. But I hope the interval has given me a time out for some stock taking (stock, not profit, taking).

As always,
Whittaker

Dec. 8, 1958

Dear Bill,

Some repairs. First Bishop O'Gara's letter, for which oversight my apologies. Second, a $10 bill which Mrs. Vogt has sent me (probably at Brent's request) to repay $10 once lent him. But I had already been repaid. Third (one can smell the brimstone!), Mrs. [Isabel] Paterson's letter. *Saxibus ululant nymphae.*[2] The pathos, indeed the crux of the Rep. dilemma, arises from the fact that it represents a very definite interest (or set of interests), but not one that stirs so many eager voting hands as the Democratic interest. I have not the advantage of knowing what Meade Alcorn[3] said that so raised the lady's wrath and bent her logic like Einsteinian light rays. But I think I could reconstruct what he said (or meant to say) with the slightest effort. He said (of course in much more winsome words): "Republicans have got to win the masses or sail up the creek." Once I hoped that Mr. Nixon could perform his healing bond, holding the Right in line, while a Republican Left formed about him a core. By Republican Left, I do not mean liberal Republican. Theodore Roosevelt would know exactly what I mean. But what I mean is of little moment. The Republican Party will win the masses, or history will find for it a quiet, uncrowded spot in the potter's field; the grass will grow greenly because no mourning foot will ever tread it down. Besides, people will dread the spot because of the banshee screams, heard there even at noonday—Isabel Paterson, of course.

I thought that, in the circumstances, you answered Max Eastman well. His resignation[4] is extremely disquieting to me personally; not only because it seems to have been precipitated by two pieces about which I felt great concern. Your piece about Father Halton[5] was, of course, well done and generous; so that, while I deeply questioned the saying of anything about him, I could go along with the thought: "Poor man, somebody should say a kind word for him out of simple charity." Max's emphasis is different, of course. I always fail to see why an atheist should get excited about "unseating Him," if he believes (sic) that He isn't sitting there; and since, if He is, nobody can unseat Him, anyway. I even wonder if Max *is* an atheist. I bet he believes that E equals MC squared. In the age of the rocket and atomic plane, that's getting perilously close to faith.

As always,
Whittaker

Dec. 23, 1958

Dear Bill,

I can't think of a happier way to open the New Year (and perhaps distract you from your painful hand) than to share this information that I have recently come on. The first European translation of *Das Kapital* was into Russian. The St. Petersburg censor looked it over and passed it. *Das Kapital*, he said, was much too scholarly and technical a job for many to read it. But with the clairvoyance of censors, he confiscated the whole printing of a work which, at sight, he recognized to be inflaming—Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

The best to everybody.

As always,
Whittaker

Perhaps the censor was himself inflamed by Adam Smith's celebrated insight: that corporations have no future.

Christmas Eve, 1958

Dear Bill,

Certain of my views and stands, even my general habit of mind, may seem to you perversely ungrateful. It is not so. But there is a deep division in my mind, as there often is in minds of my special breed; though, in this case, the division is grooved deeper by the age in which we live. The true quality of my mind is poetic. So far as I know, I have nothing to do with it. I was born this way, and could not change if I wished, at least without violation. By nature, without taking thought, I write poetically (that is, in images, tones, cadences, always, when they come true, related to the mystery and the tragedy of man and life). Often I speak this way, scarcely noticing, myself, the effect whose true nature goes unnoticed by others. I wrote in *NR*, about the moon rocket: "The earth has become a shore of space." Good or bad, this is a purely poetic line; it is almost nothing else; in fact, it runs counter to the subject (scientific achievement) because it calls the mind back from it to the universe. I first spoke this line. It tumbled out in discussing with Jim [Burnham] how I was going to treat the moon shot. I had the impression that he was a little dismayed (Jim is not essentially a poetic mind; he is a first-rate mind of another breed). But he could scarcely have been more startled than I was when the line slipped out. Where did it

In Greek fable, there is a monster who disposes of his human victims by binding them to a pair of bent saplings, which he then lets fly up, so that the victim is torn in two. So it is always with the poetic mind. Ravished by the beauty of the external world and life, horrified by the frightfulness of the human lot, that mind is torn apart.

2. The nymphs are wailing by the rocks.
3. Republican National Chairman.
4. Max Eastman, the inveterate atheist, resigned (amiably) from the board of contributing editors to NATIONAL REVIEW on the grounds that *NR* was too religious.
5. The Catholic Savonarola who, briefly, terrorized Princeton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come from? I have not the slightest idea. An instant before, it did not exist, and I had not thought of it. An instant after, it was there. This process is essentially me; it is curious that the only image I can find for it is a technical one: the process seems a kind of overdrive. At any rate, it is largely unconscious, intuitive, instinctive. I am continually surprised to read what I have written. I cannot recapture how I came to write that way. It is as if somebody else had written it. But it is not a matter of phrasing. At the core of such minds is the tragic sense of life. It is a sense that one is born with (or is not). Deep in the interior mind, it is like an ever-flowing spring ("nor loud nor harsh"), but perpetual. All the vegetation and the landscape of such minds is watered by that unstaunchable spring. In Greek fable, there is a monster whose name escapes me, who disposes of his human victims by binding them to a pair of bent saplings, which he then lets fly up, so that the victim is torn in two. So it is always with the poetic mind. Ravished by the beauty of the external world and life, horrified by the frightfulness of the human lot, that mind is torn apart. It seems as if, by the fretting of the raw edges, there arises a peculiar music: we do not know how.

PRECISELY at this point, Esther brought in the mail with your letter. There was no point in completing the fragment [above]. But I think that I must try to rough in the general direction. I was going to say that the side of my mind which I have called poetic is defined by an extreme individualism, which feels any unusual restriction of freedom to be a killing frost. Freedom is its mode; it simply cannot live in an enjoined conformity which kills it by suffocation. But this same mind is also capable of an intellection that craves irreducible reality as the sole ground from which to generalize a little truth. It cannot ever settle for less, since, ultimately, this reality is all that matters in life, as you find at the last frontier. Reality tells me that freedom, as I meant it above, is ending. The world, for identifiable reasons, is freezing into one of its ages of conformity. And this is true West, as well as East, though the forms and degrees differ.

Then your letter came, and came as a great surprise. It seemed to me a *hic Rhodus; hic salta* letter, which left me no choice but to resign from *NR* at once. The great question in my mind was whether this was your conscious intention, or whether, unconsciously, you had simply added up the factors that brought me to the jump. I did not want to jump. No need to labor the several reasons, though I should like to cite two. One is a sense of gratitude, highly personal, and I should think, quite immeasurable to anyone else, that when my grateful colleagues of the American press (among whom I was not, surely, the least practitioner) slammed the door tight in my face, *NR* offered me a place at its board. Across all differences, so long as it is humanly possible to do so (and even sometimes a little longer), I stand with the men who stand with me. The second reason was that I greatly enjoyed working in N.Y. —greatly. Many words usually make such matters worse. During Christmas and half of the next day, I was trying to say in as few words as possible, as simply and unplaintively as possible, what the problem was. While I was brooding on it, Nora telephoned to say that you had written *Newsweek* about their paragraph,[6] I think the first thought in my mind was: "I'll be damned!" The news seemed to dispose of the question of intention in your letter. It also left me with another feeling for which I must give a little background. The *Newsweek* piece upset me not chiefly because of its timing, which implied deliberate mischief, or its muddled reporting. It seemed to say past question that Alger had, in general, in his conduct been right, and that, by so much, I have been wrong. Alger has for Americans in general an annihilating contempt, which he has dramatized by getting a considerable body of the most intelligent of them to believe in, and connive at, a lie, which so far as I can see, has no parallel in history. Why

There is in [America's] history not one single touch of conservatism. How could it be otherwise? Conservatism is alien to the very nature of capitalism whose love of life and growth is perpetual change. We are living in one of its periods of breathless acceleration of change.

should he not despise such dupes? For his lie which is aimed at their lives, they love him and openly or surreptitiously, heroize him. And this the *Newsweek* piece clearly implies. The man who sought to help them, they openly or surreptitiously despise and have, in fact, outlawed, though the means are largely invisible. It was this contrast that upset me about the *Newsweek* caper. I felt that for reasons of truth, as well as for reasons of tactics, somebody should have torn into *Newsweek*. You did, and without any solicitation from me. There is something else. For a decade, I have had to be my own defendant. On me almost alone has rested the burden of defense. The few who have come to my aid have, in general, done pretty ineffective jobs. This, too, is a sundering fact that I had to look at and draw conclusions from. So your rejoinder gave me a great lift. All this seems to point up something that I have long brooded on—the lack of consultation among us. Few in numbers, we face an outnumbering enemy that is cunning and extremely cohesive. I think we must consult constantly on any public act. To get away from this particular instance, to another example: when Jim bolted out of the Cultural Freedom Committee, he told neither Ralph, John Chamberlain nor me. If we had consulted, the rest of us might well have gone out with him (I almost certainly would have, and I was then a member of the Central Committee). His action would have been much more effective. In the *Newsweek* matter, I feel sure that Ralph will weather the blow; and I remain delighted that you acted.

By such detours we get back to your letter about which your *Newsweek*

6. *Newsweek*, December 22, 1958: "Westminster, Md.—Whittaker Chambers, the onetime Communist agent and former magazine editor who was Hiss's main accuser, lives here quietly with his wife in an old brick house on the same two hundred-acre farm where he turned over the famous 'pumpkin papers' to House investigators in December 1948. It has been a nonworking farm since 1952 when Chambers suffered a heart attack and there is not a pumpkin in sight. He supports himself from his savings, is now writing a second, non-autobiographical book about the Communist system. His hair is somewhat grayer, but otherwise, at 57, he is still the heavy-set, round and rumpled figure who dominated the Hiss trials."

WFB letter to editor: "Why on earth do your editors write eighteenth month-old news about Chambers under a Periscopic rubric (current issue, p. 1)? Whittaker Chambers left off writing his book on Communism in order to join the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW in August 1957. He has worked for us full time ever since, and was coming to New York regularly until his most recent physical setback three weeks ago. The story of his joining NATIONAL REVIEW was carried in full by AP, UP and the *New York Times*."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrust so abruptly changed my feeling.[7] Still, the problems from which that feeling arose remain, and I should like to try to set out what I think some of them amount to. I have long feared (have sometimes cautioned) that you suppose me to be something which I really am not. At the risk of offending you, I am going to try to rough out crudely the situation out of which I think the trouble comes. First, you stand within a religious orthodoxy. I stand within no religious orthodoxy. The temptation to orthodoxy is often strong, never more than in an age like this one, especially in a personal situation like mine. But it is not a temptation to which I have found it possible to yield. Forgive me for saying this, but we must get ground under our feet.

You also stand within, or, at any rate, are elaborating, a political orthodoxy. I stand within no political orthodoxy. You mean to be conservative, and I know no one who seems to me to have a better right to the term. I am not a conservative. Sometimes I have used the term loosely, especially when I was first called on publicly to classify myself. I have since been as circumspect as possible in using the term about myself. I say: I am a man of the Right. I am a man of the Right because I mean to uphold capitalism in its American version. But I claim that capitalism is not, and by its essential nature cannot conceivably be, conservative. This is peculiarly true of capitalism in the United States, which knew no Middle Age; which was born, insofar as it was ideological, of the Enlightenment. Hence the native effort to rest in the past always makes us a little uneasy, seems merely nostalgic, antiquarian, futile and slightly fraudulent.

THERE IS in [America's] history not one single touch of conservatism. How could it be otherwise? Conservatism is alien to the very nature of capitalism whose love of life and growth is perpetual change. We are living in one of its periods of breathless acceleration of change. The Church did well to distrust Roger Bacon. Science has been, from the beginning, the ideological weapon of capitalism, and is now asserting (even though it may not be interested in doing so) an exclusive dominance. I am saying that conservatism and capitalism are mutually exclusive manifestations, and antipathetic at root. Capitalism, whenever it seeks to become conservative in any quarter, at once settles into mere reaction—that is, a mere brake on the wheel, a brake that does not hold because the logic of the wheel is to turn. Hence the sense of unreality and pessimism on the Right, running off into all manner of crackpotism. Thus, I am very much on a line with Jim [Burnham] though our reading of many things are probably radically different. I have almost nothing in common with the effort of Meyer or Kirk, whose rationales, no matter how formally logical, seem to me by contrast with the total reality, chiefly an irrelevant buzz. There will be a time when the mode that preoccupies them may again be relevant. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, that time lies on the far side of unimaginable changes, which must be assimilated and generalized before a new synthesis can have any wide meaning. We are in the middle of a universal earthquake. If we survive it, then there will be something to reflect on. It is perfectly clear that we may not survive. At that point, I lose interest.

Forgive me, if you can, the primer history lesson, the discursive superficiality of all this, from which so much is left out. So much that is relevant. But, poor as it is, I think I owe it to you as a crude chart of my view.

We look forward to your visit.

As always,
Whittaker

So the day was one of great tranquility and rare affection, made rarer by the knowledge which each of us has reached in his own degree, that, in life, tranquility is always precarious and fleeting. Life works always to do its worst to us. We seek constantly to outwit, or at least outlast, it. One learns that about all life has to give are moments; and we must be grateful for what is given.

Dec. 25, 1958

Dear Bill,

This has been an unusually beautiful Christmas. Our Connecticut family stayed home. John and his parents spent Christmas together—the first time the family has been so divided. In prospect, it looked very sad. As it turned out, it did not matter. It was a wonderful day outside, cold but sunny. There was a tree, which we trimmed and found our handiwork good. In its presence, the three of us drank our morning coffee in almost stately detachment—none of the usual rush to tear open, claw open, gifts—the children's hour. John gave me the *Journal of the Goncourt Brothers*, a book I had wanted for years. I gave Esther a book of superb icons, and I gave John Rostovtsev's great work on the Iranians and Greeks in South Russia.

So the day was one of great tranquility and rare affection, made rarer by the knowledge which each of us has reached in his own degree, that, in life, tranquility is always precarious and fleeting. Life works always to do its worst to us. We seek constantly to outwit, or at least to outlast, it. One learns that about all life has to give are moments; and we must be grateful for what is given. If this was the only Christmas, or the last Christmas, we should have to say that life, by so much, has been very good to us.

We hope that it was as good to you; and the coming year will be too.

As always,
Whittaker

January 3, 1959

Dear Bill,

The doctor sentenced me to two months in bed. I got up in one, and I see why the doctor said two. But I am resolved to get back to N.Y., at least in time to try to help out Jim while you are away. If that goes well, in several senses, it would seem to remove certain problems. If not, everybody's course should be clearer. I shall simply do my best to be helpful.

As always,
Whittaker

Pasternak inspired Ilya Ehrenberg to make what seems to me one of the memorable utterances of the time. I have long disliked Ehrenberg to the point where I would simply turn away from anything he had said. This was not only because he was one of Stalinism's most abject literary time-servers (of that, one might have said: "Poor man, what could he do, how can I judge?"). But I believed, too, that he had condoned, if not connived at, the purge death of a man who had been most kind to me—the Polish writer and

7. I could not, even on receiving this letter, recall what it was in my own that prompted WC to write of it as he did. I had no copy, and still cannot imagine what was the subliminal provocation. I wrote and asked, but he did not allude again to it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It just broke all weightlift

What's so good about heavy? Simply that the C-5A, in regular flight testing, has more than met another U.S. Air Force requirement—it flew 14 tons heavier than it will in service.

On Oct. 16, 1969, the giant plane lifted off at 399 tons, about the same weight as 15 huge diesel trucks loaded to capacity. With that flight, the C-5A broke the record it had set only two weeks earlier.

Records like that put this country far ahead of the rest of the world in airlift excellence. For the C-5A isn't just a weightlifter. It's a defense system with the range, endurance, and incredible capability to change our entire military strategy.

Foreign military bases may no longer be as necessary, since a C-5A fleet can deploy an army across an ocean in hours. Not only the men, but also the tanks, artillery, helicopters, food, fuel, and ammunition.

And it can put them down where needed. As little as 4,000 feet of dirt or grass will do for an airfield. On short runways, the C-5A can touch down and stop within 1,200 feet—about five times its own length. On dirt surfaces,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

records. For the fifth time.

28 huge tires spread the plane's weight while special landing gear struts absorb the shocks.

Electronically, this bird-of-burden is in good hands. Even in dense fog and driving rain, an automatic system can land the plane in complete safety. And there's MADAR—the system that keeps watch over the C-5A's health, spotting possible troubles and printing out maintenance directions.

The C-5A's military impact is undeniable. But it also promises new scope and range for flights of mercy.

The Berlin Airlift took 300 aircraft to keep the city alive. Today 12 C-5As could do the same job.

In 1964, seven large transports needed 10 days to deliver 952 tons of food to famine-stricken Pakistan. The same number of C-5As could do it in 18 hours.

With the C-5A, airlift has entered a new age.

C-5A

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In general, in my opinion, we do not discuss enough, within the cadre, about principled matters. We are too considerate, fearful, politic, precisely where we should be bold and free, and, above all, unafraid of the gods of the copybook maxims. If we were to be more freewheeling, we might be surprised by the attraction our freedom might exert on the future, on whom continuity, if nothing else, depends. No youth, no future.

editor, Bruno Jascienski. So it was astonishing, when Pasternak was under official fire before the *Zhivago* business, to hear that old time-server, Ehrenberg, rise to Pasternak's defense. This is what Ehrenberg said, inter alia: "If the whole world were to be covered with asphalt, one day a crack would appear in the asphalt; and in that crack grass would grow." It wrings the heart, and suggests that resurrection may be of more than one kind.

Feb. 8??, 1959 (Sun).

Dear Bill,

I did not thank you at all for the "Goldberg Variations." Somehow that got lost (unpardonably) in the din of the Erinyes, who are also much on hand these days, though I shall spare you all that. I love this intellectual counterpoint with its horizontal certainty (destination beyond question here). But though I love it, and love to listen to it, I would be untruthful if I said that this music is mine. It is not, though it has taken me some time to understand why, for I am fearfully unlettered in this field, as in so many others. I have been able to get at it, as usual, only historically. Brooding on this recently, I was much caught by what seemed to be a consistent point of departure in your thinking and mine (a subject that has much preoccupied me of late). You tend to take off, or so it seems to me, from a mainland of established verities. I am the horrid brat of historicity. Faced with almost anything, my first questions are: how, why, from what cause through what lines of development (in flux) to what effect (in flux)? No judgment entertained here; just a distinction attempted. But I could not help thinking, sadly, that my letters would not be of much use to you in winding up your book, for the same reason (to snatch at grand symbols) that Bach cannot be Beethoven, however much B2 fulfills the disciplines of B1, which B2 is, nevertheless, fated to end. The other day, I heard L. Bernstein "explain" and conduct the "Egmont Overture" for young people. Yet his explanation did not "explain," did not mention, who Egmont was. Like trying to construct an arch, I thought, without dropping the keystone. Historicity.

Already we are expecting your return soon—much too soon, I suppose, for you.

Our best to your family.

As always,
Whittaker

March 12, 1959

Dear Bill,

I was struck by Rebecca West's compassion for Alger; and, for once, I think, I was pinked. I don't quite know why, just, perhaps, because my rather circumspectly reverential mind does respect her, and her compassion does command my attention, I feel that the compassion might be a little more catholic. And, of course, my thought disgusts my mind; but then the human creature does so many disgusting things; any day. Ralph [de Toledano] took out after Alger recently; and I said: "I have no rancor against him whatever. Judge Murphy was right in saying of the Hisses: 'If they came back tomorrow and said they were sorry, you'd resume the friendship.'" Ralph said he simply could not understand. I said that my compassion, apart from the purely human consideration, sprang from the fact that I understood, as few others can, the rules of war that Alger fought under, and the tactics the rules (and the situation) dictate. A silence followed in which I found myself thinking: "Nevertheless, if you take your eye off those peculiar rules for an instant, there is nothing left to say but that Alger has behaved like a complete swine." Not a very bright swine, either. Then Ralph spelled out in some details certain of the swineries. Perhaps this is too fresh in mind for Miss West's "*Dieu! que le son du Cor est triste le soir au fond du bois.*" I must sound this way at times to other people. Besides, I'm getting crankier and crankier, surlier and surlier. My writing's all snarled up too. Do you know why? I've always known why.

Since I know A. Koestler, and sometimes we write letters, and I've read almost everything he's written—now that *The Sleepwalkers* must be appearing, one of these days, I suppose that Frank . . . . And how right he will be. *I* should *not* review *The Sleepwalkers*. I should not write at all; I've known this, too. This isn't the posture that people imagine; Rimbaud *knew* why he went to Africa and traded in calico, though the literati are still perplexed. Calico clothes savages; and trade brings calico and a bit of profit; but words are nonsense; and so are these words.

It's really a rather pleasant day outside.

As always,
Whittaker

April 12,1959

Dear Bill,

For the Order in Council forbidding *NR* editors to write for the *American Mercury*—to thee from me, the *zemnoi poklon*, the Eastern obeisance. Now we are cut loose from that dragging filth; it is a liberation. How good, and how strong, it is to take a principled position. It defines, and defining, frees. Now what is good and strong outside us can draw to us, about whom, there is, in this connection, no longer question, equivocation. The dregs will be drawn to the dregs, and sink where they belong.

In general, in my opinion, we do not discuss enough, within the cadre, about principled matters. We are too considerate, fearful, politic, precisely where we should be bold and free, and, above all, unafraid of the gods of the copybook maxims. If we were to be more freewheeling, we might be surprised by the attraction our freedom might exert on the youth, on whom continuity, if nothing else, depends. No youth, no future.

Koestler, waiting at the point where our trail emerged (the army had just hoed it out much higher up the hills than the old road), was thinking of the most amusing headlines: "Whittaker Chambers Crashes over Alpine Trail on Secret Visit to Arthur Koestler / British Intelligence Questions Surviving Writer."

As always,
Whittaker

I wrote in Esquire *(September, 1962): "In the summer of 1959, Chambers felt well enough to indulge a dream, more particularly his gentle wife's dream, to*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visit Europe. She had never been there, and he had been there only once, in 1927, the trip he described so evocatively in Witness. *We drove them to the airport after a happy day. I noticed worriedly how heavily he perspired and how nervously his heavy thumbs shuffled through the bureaucratic paraphernalia of modern travel, as he dug up, in turn, passports, baggage tags, vaccination certificates, and airplane tickets. His plans were vague, but at the heart of them was a visit to his old friend Arthur Koestler."*

Innsbrück, Ö. [Österreich]
June 24, 1959

Dear Bill,

How to begin at all is even more defeating than where to begin. Hop-skip seems indicated. The ocean crossing was some eight or more hours of wholly supportable discomfort. Amsterdam was briefly jolly. Paris was cold,

In our time, I think, it has become true that there is no greater love than that a man share his poison with his friend.

dirty, vast, engulfing, but, above all, cold. (The Hôtel Palais d'Orsay is not one to be warmly recommended.) Still, we had a room with a view of the Seine and Tuileries, and a balcony wherefrom to do the viewing. From there to Zurich where we merely touched down en route to Innsbrück, in a small Swissair plane that, as the Alps bumped us up & down over valleys, and brushed monstrous mountains, soon turned into a vomitorium. We, the Americans, sat unupping and generously permitted the weaker-tummied Europeans to whisk off our paper bags—the ones neatly folded in the boot of the seat in front. Curiously, I found myself unable to reach Arthur Koestler from here. But, after we'd gone to bed, he got through to me, with news. Alpbach, where AK lives, is some forty miles higher into the hills than Innsbrück. While we were flying from Paris, the worst landslide since 1908 (I am only quoting) had destroyed several miles of the only road up. Nevertheless, we got through, by Jeep, on a road just wide enough for a Jeep, and not always quite that. On my side, without leaning at all, I could see straight down several hundred feet. Happily, the Austrian army was at the wheel of the Jeep. K, waiting at the point where our trail emerged (the army had just hoed it out much higher up the hills than the old road), was thinking of the most amusing headlines: "Whittaker Chambers Crashes over Alpine Trail on Secret Visit to Arthur Koestler / British Intelligence Questions Surviving Writer." There in Alpbach (of all places) we spent some days about which I cannot possibly write fully. Perhaps, some moment being right, it will seem proper to try to recover certain moments. Perhaps. Then K had the idea to wire Greta Buber-Neumann: *"Komme schleunigst. Gute Weine. Ausserdem, Whittaker C."*—"Come quickest. Good wines. In addition, WC." Two days of unresponding silence. Then, just as K went out to hold the bus so that we could all go gawk at this or that medieval something, Greta stepped out of the bus. In case you do not know, Greta Buber-Neumann is the daughter-in-law of Martin Buber (who is grandfather of two of her children), widow of Heinz Neumann, most dazzling of German CP leaders (shot without trial), sister-in-law of Willi Muenzenberg (organizer of the Muenzenberg Trust, killed by the NKVD while trying to escape the Gestapo). Greta herself spent three years as a slave in Karaganda. By then the Moscow-Berlin Pact had been signed, and the NKVD handed her (and many others) over to the Gestapo on the bridge at Brest-Litovsk. Then she spent four years in German concentration camps, mostly at Ravensbrück. Impossible to tell here this story of our own lifetime, which makes the *Odyssey*, for all its grandeur, somehow childish. By comparison, Dante's Hell is contrived. Here, only one sampling. In Ravensbrück, the SS was using Polish women prisoners as guinea pigs, for bone and flesh transplants, etc., etc. The other inmates supposed that, after the experiments, the survivors were released. Greta, working in the camp commandant's office as a filing clerk, discovered that the women were being shot. From the desk she stole the lists of the condemned, changed the numbers of the condemned to fake numbers. Then she organized a faction among the Poles, who grabbed the next lot of victims, tore off their numbers, sewed on new ones and hid them among the 60,000 women in the camp. This is just skimming: the story is much more complicated. But this will give you some idea of it, and of Greta B-N, and what our talks were like. A night or so before, AK got launched on his escape from

Then, we realized that, of our particular breed, the old activists, we are almost the only survivors—the old activists who were articulate, consequent revolutionists. Not even the French Revolution, surely, yielded so complete a human disaster.

France after its fall. He was in Marseilles and had to reach Lisbon. He was with Benjamin, the mentor and analyst of Bertolt Brecht (*The Punitive Measure, The Caucasian Chalk Circle*). Benjamin planned to walk across the Pyrenees. K could not go through Spain because of his death sentences during the Civil War. Since neither expected to make it, Benjamin shared his most precious possession with K: a massive dose of morphine. In our time, I think, it has become true that there is no greater love than that a man share his poison with his friend. Benjamin with two women refugees crossed the mountains. The civil guards seized them, kept them in jail overnight to send them on to a prison camp in the morning. In the morning, Benjamin was dead: he had taken the morphine. A little later, the civil guards came in and told the women: they sympathized with the refugees, and had agreed, on their own, to let them escape. Have you read Sartre's story *Le Mur*?

So there we sat, and talked, not merely about the daily experiences of our life. Each of the two men had tried to kill himself and failed; Greta was certainly the most hardy and astonishing of the three. Then, we realized that, of our particular breed, the old activists, we are almost the only survivors—the old activists who were articulate, consequent revolutionists, and not merely agents. Of the latter, there are some around. Utter defeat. Not even the French Revolution, surely, yielded so complete a human disaster. I do not, of course, know all that the others thought, in the intermittent silences, though I know from words that emerged that our thoughts ran rather close. This conference on the Alpbach summit fed a great hurlyburly of my own impressions, quite impossible to sort as yet. Europe is visibly decades behind us. I cannot possibly know whether (as I hope) it is at a point of great sudden change; or whether (as I fear) it is beyond saving. I seem to see, only, that it is pretty desperate, and looks to me all but hopeless. At the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same time, I had the impression (I must be wrong, I suppose) that my companions could not bring themselves to draw the practical and theoretical conclusions that follow from the European failure. But, in Paris [Manès] Sperber[8] cautioned me not to foreclose on Europe too quickly. He told me this about the moment, in 1939 or '40, when he joined the French army. He was "poorer than a dog." From his window he could see Notre Dame. To himself he said: "Terrible is it to kill anything, and there is almost nothing worth dying for. But those stones, just those stones, are still worth killing for and dying for." He also said to me of myself: "It is not important that you find the truth, or that you think you find the truth. It is only important that you want always to continue to seek the truth." And this, which is obvious enough, was somehow wonderfully heartening and quieting. So, for the moment, I shall follow Sperber, and hope there is something great left in this once greatest, now almost extinct-seeming, volcano of man's creative energy. Surely, these three Europeans, once my comrades, are great spirits; it would be hard to find their match in the dwindled world. "It is that," K said after the account of Benjamin and the morphine, "that makes it impossible for me to take the beat generation seriously." Yet all of us held long and grave conversations about the beat youth (the *Halbstärke*, Half-strong, as Germans call them), echoing and amplifying the conversation that Jim and I had one day at lunch.

To get away from all this, which a letter can only brush exasperatingly—in Amsterdam I found a German edition of Jim's *Machiavellians*, and began to read it at a sidewalk café on the Rokin.

TOMORROW, we fly back to Zurich, spend a night, get on at once, via a touchdown at Milan, for Venice. Two days there. After that, I am much in doubt. But soon after, we get to Rome, where my holding address for the present will be: Am. Express, Piazza di Spagna 38. Sperber has asked me to come to him in Provence. We may do so. After that perhaps, Paris, where K plans to join us for another old-home week.

I find letter writing en route almost impossible. So please bear with me.

8. Author of *The Burned Bramble*

Americans are unusually kind as peoples go. But they are inhumanly stiff and seem completely unable to communicate their natural kindness. At least this seems true of the genus: tourist. I hope I don't sound too hard on the tourists. I find the mass of Europeans, by contrast, disgusting.

My best to your wife. To all, too, at *NR*.

As always,
Whittaker

Venice
July 17, 1959

Dear Bill,

In Rome, I had to ask Esther for the nitroglycerine I had been needing since Zurich. Since then, I've been living on the stuff. Florence was the worst. I came back to Venice chiefly to rest. If it were not for my children, I should try to spend the rest of my life here. Other cities are greater or less great than something or some other city. Venice is incomparable. It is the only city I have ever loved. And the days here (it is our second visit) have lessened the nitroglycerine eating; they haven't ended it.

The European's notion of Americans is not likely to be edified by tourists. Not that any are all alike, or particularly noisome. Rather, they huddle, like bemused or bored cattle. But when they reach one of those godawful havens, set up just for them (like the one I am writing this in), then the tourists caper. The tourists, feeling at ease for once in this international compound, caper and act themselves; and the hired help, in their obsequious and mendicant thousands, do everything to promote the capers—and, in the guise of a smile, to sneer at the caperers. I am convinced that it isn't so much the capers, as the fact that the victims don't see through the forked smile that fills the Europeans of this order with contempt. This makes me feel sorry for my countrymen, and I try to help them when I can. Usually, it is quite wasted effort. They don't know what's happening to them, how they are being conned, frisked and sneered at at every turn; they are happy. This too, the European grasps, and it hitches up his sneer a little higher. There are exceptions to all this, of course. But, in general, this Europe I am in is of a poisonous climate. This is where Esther's spontaneous goodness helps out. Last night, we were crossing a stepped bridge up which a woman was trying to drag a loaded baby carriage. Without second thought, Esther picked up the free end of the carriage and, between them, she and the woman carried it to the top. The woman, who had first been astonished, blushed with gratitude. Things like this have happened several times. It's like fresh air in a fetid room. But then, they seldom take us for Americans. Esther's dark complexion is puzzling. But from certain small signs, they guess she is not Italian. Generally, they decide we are French (I can pass for a Norman). As you know, Americans are unusually kind as peoples go. But they are inhumanly stiff and seem completely unable to communicate their natural kindness. At least this seems true of the genus: tourist. I hope I don't sound too hard on the tourists. I find the mass of Europeans, by contrast, disgusting.

I've got to nip this up. So some quick notes. If I survive the Venice-Paris hop. I think I must go to West Berlin. I feel as if I had some kind of moral compulsion to go there at this time. It's not particularly rational. But it's a feeling sufficiently strong so that I shall try to act on it. After that, I don't quite know. I think we've pushed our luck, healthwise, almost to the breaking point. I shouldn't like Esther left here with the debris.

My best to everybody.

As always,
Whittaker

Sept. 20, 1959

Dear Bill,

You are too kind in commenting on my return to school.[9] Most people incline to laugh. I think they feel that it is such a waste on all sides since I shall not be around long enough to put it to any use of the kind people call "good." I've considered that. I do not wish to die an ignoramus. If I can bring it off in terms of health, energy, time, application, then I think the world should let me try. The world is desperately ignorant at the moment when it has most reason to know with some exactitude, and there is more than ever before in history to know about. But I am going to have little time for anything but study henceforth. As always,
Whittaker

9. WC had enrolled at Western Maryland College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have just come on something I wrote a few years back, and thought I had destroyed. It goes like this. "All that we really know about Tamuz [more commonly, Thamus] is that he was a pilot, and an approximate date, on which he heard his name called three times: Tamuz! Tamuz! Tamuz! from all the edges of the sea. Then he was given his message: that his age had reached its end."

Nov. 2, 1959

Dear Bill,

This is my resignation from *NR*. I have never taken any real part in editing the magazine; have contributed only some random and infrequent writing. It is now clear that, for some time, I shall be unable to do even that. So I must go.

It may not be possible for me just to slip away without, sooner or later, some questions being asked. Tactically, therefore, I propose (and I hope that, if only for its own sake, *NR* will for once heed something I say) that my name simply be dropped from the masthead without any comment whatever. It should take a while for the busy little eyes to notice that one of us is missing, and for the busy little tongues to ask why. If they do, the reason I have given, above, makes a perfectly adequate answer. It is unnecessary to amplify (I especially do not want it known that I have gone back to school). Nor, if questions are asked, is there any reason to rush to reply. By the time you get around to it, the matter should have lost its immediacy, if any, and be about as interesting as last week's boiled spinach. I beg *NR* to be guided by me in this procedure.

This is a retype of the beginning of a much longer letter. When I had finished writing it, I went upstairs and vomited. This is something that almost never happens to me; and, while it is an unpleasant detail to mention, it seems the simplest way to tell you that my action was not taken lightly or without its stresses.

As always,
Whittaker

As so often, I have held this letter a bit to reflect further. I needn't have. My course is the right one. It is only unfair to *NR* that I shouldn't have taken it sooner.

Dec. 20, 1959

Dear Bill,

First day of Christmas break, and I am wild with liberty. I was still standing, by hanging on to the ropes, when the final bell sounded. Another second, and I might have dropped. But this letter has another theme.

Vale,
Whittaker

Jan. 12, 1960

Dear Bill,

John's alarm clock rang before 5 A.M. Since it waked me, I thought I might as well get up to give him the send-off, and, much more important, the hot coffee, without which nobody should set out on a seventy-mile predrawn drive to Washington. So it happens that I am about while it is still dark, on this day which I have long had in mind as one when I could write you a letter. It is the first day since before Christmas when I could. The Russian final is over; the great Greek test done (final to come). The feeling is, I imagine, something like what a man, who has been under water too long, feels when he surfaces. And like that, this is largely illusion: there is still a lot of swimming to do.

I was sorry about the Camus obit.[10] I should not have misled you by first misleading myself. I was physically staggering under my academic load, and I should have known that there wasn't a prayer of my writing anything.

Koestler put his finger on it in the beginning: the parts were miscast. [Hiss] looks like the American Boy (at least if you don't look too closely)—clean-cut, "nice," probably played basketball. I look like some kind of intellectual—God only knows what kind. The American Boy should have been the one to try to rescue America and the West—not that other.

I thought your Camus piece came off very well (Jim, I suppose). It said what *NR* needed, editorially speaking, to say. Anything I might have said would have been out of line. This, and other things, convinces me of what I have been noticing: *NR* is much better off without me and one or two others. In terms of *NR* metabolism, we were indigestible lumps; and, if anything at all has been lost (questionable), the mixture is, in general, more uniform now. Frank Meyer is emerging clearly as the Voice. I am not being sniffy: this, I gather from stray *NR* readers, is just what they want to hear. And, technically, he writes it all well. It isn't my flapjack. But that is of no interest whatever. The fact is that this is what readers want. In addition, Mr. G[arry] Wills is coming along. In the end, I prophesy, he will pull ahead of Frank. Frank has worked himself into his shirt until the fit seems pretty perfect to the unpracticed eye. But, still, he had (has) to work at it; and there persists, if you have a sense of these things, a besetting, humanizing pathos.

OF YOUNG WILLS I think it can be said without undue unkindness: you shall declare the truth, and it will set you into a straitjacket of most elegant trim and fit. Wearing it, you can with all assurance point out (with a certain clinical unsparingness) the rags and loopholes of all poor, half-naked wretches wheresoe'er they be. Perhaps age may temper him. He, too, writes well; he, too, seems to me to be your man. The wonder of Jim is that, pursuing another quite different and self-contained orbit, he can make editorial harmony with these so different spheres. So you have the makings of a team or cadre; and I think *NR* reflects this. Unless my too hasty readings mislead me, *NR* shows a new editorial cohesiveness—a welcome change, since, in the past, the magazine's great defect was a tendency to ride off in too many directions at once. So I commend to you the organizing principle of (if you will permit from such a source) Lenin: "*Luchshe mensh no luchshe*"—Better less, but better.

When I came back from my Russian final, I stopped to pick up the mail. In it was your tear-out from the *Harvard Law Review*.[11] I was very tired (I had been studying since 3 A.M. that morning), and this evidence put me into a brown study, if not one of a darker shade. It seems to tell a great deal. No doubt, many others in the group were either unhappy about, or made uncomfortable by, the inclusion of No. 74. And perhaps the inclusion was governed by formalities, conventions, good enough in themselves and not easily breached. Still, I don't think we can stop just with that. Surely, there

10. WC had volunteered to write it, but it did not come in for the deadline.

11. Including a picture of a reunion class of 1929, Harvard Law School, the alumni neatly numbered for identification in the caption. No. 74 was Alger Hiss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is something more to the inclusion. In fact, masses of people believe 74 to be, somehow, a wronged man, even when they don't suppose him to be wholly guiltless. This effect is intensified by time. Each day that passes makes the past less clear, more vague: the whole historical context has decisively changed. People simply can't remember. But that, I think, is only a surface manifestation. The fact is that masses of people *want* to believe him wronged and innocent. Quite unconsciously for the most part, they *want* to believe me wrong and wicked. It corresponds to a deep need in them. Koestler put his finger on it in the beginning: the parts were miscast. 74 looks like the American Boy (at least if you don't look too closely) —clean-cut, "nice," probably played basketball. I look like some kind of intellectual—God only knows what kind. Even in my casual comment, there is a tone of mind that marks me off as different, automatically suspect; in the longhouse (probably on forged credentials) but clearly not of it. The American Boy should have been the one to try to rescue America and the West—not that other. If, in fact, it wasn't that way, by necessity of belief they will force themselves to have it that way. It is when I look hard at this manifestation, much more than when I consider missile lags and such, that I cannot overcome a sense that the West will not win. America is dying of the American Boy, not only 74. This is what your tear-out reminded me of. They will get what they want, and it may well kill them. If I did not believe that men make their own history, I could say loftily: a judgment. Since I do believe that men make their own history (though not, we are reminded, just as they please), it is even worse. The result (judgment is an unnecessary concept) will simply parse the interactions of what really is, of reality. The consequence will be more terrible because quite merciless. What does energy know of mercy?

An incident from my Greek class, which has left me in ill favor. We came on a Greek line of Diogenes': "Love of money is the mother-city of all the ills." Opinions were invited, and when my turn came, I answered with one word: "Nonsense."

The afternoon of Jan. 1, I wrote you a few lines to note that you and your wife were the only two people from the world, out there, to wish us a happy New Year. I thought I should thank you both, and wish you the same.

As always,
Whittaker

March 16, 1960

Dear Bill,

Some words to update our telephone conversation about Mr. Nixon. My rule is never to mention to anyone my contacts with him. I'm going to break it this once, for a reason, but I wish you not to mention what I shall say. Not long ago, I had lunch with him. He asked us down one Sunday, and we had a long talk. What was said? Except for two minor points, I could not say. I came away with a most unhappy feeling, neither the reason for, nor the exact nature of which, I have been able to explain to myself. I suppose the sum of it was: we have really nothing to say to each other. While we talked, I felt crushed by the sense of the awful burden he was inviting in the office he wants. I felt dismay and a gnawing pity, which is pointless and presumptuous, since he seeks the office. He is asking to assume the first post of danger at the moment of the most fearful and (at least) semi-final stages of the transition from the older age to the new. If he were a great, vital man, bursting with energy, ideas (however malapropos), sweeping grasp of the crisis, and (even) intolerant convictions, I think I should have felt: Yes, he must have it, he must enact his fate, and ours. I did not have this feeling (I believe Ralph has it). So I came away with unhappiness for him, for all. Of course, no such man as I have suggested now exists? Apparently not. Mr. Nixon may do wonders; he may astonish us (and himself), a new *stupor mundi*. Then I shall have proved the man who, privileged to see the future close up, was purblind. I hope so. I hope, too, that he gets his chance, since that is his wish. But I could not help wondering too: Suppose he misses it? I cannot imagine what such a defeat will do to him. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that his victory is in the bag. In short: I believe he is the best there is; I am not sure that is enough, the odds being so great.

As always,
Whittaker

An incident from my Greek class, which has left me in ill favor. We came on a Greek line of Diogenes': "Love of money is the mother-city of all the ills." Opinions were invited, and when my turn came, I answered with one word: "Nonsense." This was too vehement, but there was a reason. Behind me was sitting a junior, who manages on a scholarship or grant or something of the kind, and whose college life has been made a misery by poverty. He used to wait on tables in commons. Now he has a somewhat better job at the library. But he is caught either way; if he works hard at his job, his marks suffer. If he works hard at studying, his job suffers. He walks a perpetual tightrope, always threatening to pitch to one or the other side. As a result, he is always tired. I don't think I have ever seen him fully awake. All things considered, he is a pretty good student; but his sleepiness makes him an easy professorial butt. In addition, he is not a particularly personable youth. To say in the presence of such a case: "Love of money is the mother-city of all ills." That is why I answered: "Nonsense."

So, at some effort, a line was dug out of Timothy: "A root of all ills is the love of money," etc., etc. This has Scriptural authority, of course. Again, I objected. Instead, I offered in Greek: "A lack of money is the root of many ills." I added: "The scarcity of natural resources is the root of most ills." Sickening to hear the same old misconceptions, half-thought-through, but offered as truth to the young. I thought I could speak with some freedom since there can scarcely ever have existed a man in whom love of money is so absolutely absent as in me: I can't even get *properly* interested in it. Oh, I also offered (while authority was being bandied) St. Thomas Aquinas': "Money is neither good nor bad in itself: it depends on what is done with it." But St. Thomas seems not to be in good standing. So, down the generations go the blinded minds—blinkered minds, at any rate. But I wonder what the impoverished junior thought about it. I did not ask. He, like the other Greeks who were doing most of the talking, is a pre-divinity student—pre-Flight, as they call it happily here.

October 22??, 1960

Dear Bill,

Out of my childhood, a nonsense rhyme:

Down in the cellar, dark, remote,
Where alien cats your larder note,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History hit us with a freight train. History has long been doing this to people, monotonously and usually lethally. But we (my general breed) tried to put ourselves together again. Since this meant outwitting dismemberment, as well as resynthesizing a new life-view (Grandfather, what big words you use), the sequel might seem rather remarkable) rather more remarkable than what went before. But at a price—weariness.

In solemn grandeur stands the goat.
While wintry winds about him storm.
He eats the coal to keep him warm.

This occurred to me first, on discovering your lost letters, down in the cellar, dark, remote. But I feel that this wonderful verse, author unknown, must have some instant political application. Your missing mail is enclosed.

Also enclosed, my latest French composition. The ink and pencil corrections are mine: the red ink corrections are my professor's. Sometimes he has made again corrections I had already made. Apparently he does not recognize the sign for excision, at least as I make it. I mention this in order to commit the sin of pride. But I enclose the script for another reason. If you have the patience to get through it to the end (and the end is important), I think it will give you, more quickly than I otherwise could, a notion of my mood.

Thank you for many kindnesses to me, and your *patience* with me.

As always,
Whittaker

Shortly before Easter, Chambers expressed the wish to take a long drive south with Esther, and I suggested that they might join me in Charleston, and then drive to Camden, South Carolina to spend the weekend at my mother's house. Initially he was excited, and we talked at some detail about the itinerary, which I plotted. A week before our scheduled departure, I had a telegram from him, canceling everything. And he wrote me his final letter.

April 9, 1961

Dear Bill,

You meant to do something generous and beautiful, and we seemed to dash it back in your face. It was bound to seem that way; in fact, it wasn't that way. Weariness, Bill—you cannot yet know literally what it means. I wish no time would come when you do know, but the balance of experience is against it. One day, long hence, you will know true weariness and will say: "That was it." My own life of late has been full of such realizations: "So that was why he did that"; "So that was why she didn't do that"; about the past acts of people whom my own age (and hence understanding) has only just caught up with. There's a kind of pathos about it—a rather empty kind, I'm afraid; the understanding comes too late to do even the tardy understander much good. Anyway, we were too weary to go. At first, it had seemed something completely impromptu, simple, intimate with you. In fact, it wasn't, but we hadn't understood: then it was too much for us. We simply didn't have it. Incidentally, I think we spared you a lot of nuisance.

Our kind of weariness. History hit us with a freight train. History has long been doing this to people, monotonously and usually lethally. But we (my general breed) tried, as Strachey noted,[12] to put ourselves together again. Since this meant outwitting dismemberment, as well as resynthesizing a new life-view (Grandfather, what big words you use), the sequel might seem rather remarkable, rather more remarkable than what went before. But at a price—weariness. People tend to leave Oedipus, shrieking with the blood running down his cheeks—everybody nicely purged by pity and terror, and so home and to bed. But I was about 23 when I discovered, rather by chance, that Oedipus went on to Colonnus. Camus must have been about nine while I sat reading the *Oedipus at Colonnus*. But each of us, according to his lights, was arrested in time by the same line—the one in which Oedipus, looking out from precarious sanctuary after long flight, sums up: "Because of my great age, and the nobility of my mind, I feel that all will be well." That is the Oedipus largely overlooked. Of course, I can say nothing of the nobility of my mind or even of Koestler's or Camus'; and I realize, too, that Oedipus spoke at a grateful moment of rescue. One cannot pretend to live at that height. And yet, to reach it even at times is something. One must have got rid of great loads of encumbering nonsense and irrelevance to get there; must have learned to travel quite light—one razor, one change, etc. And I suppose the "well" of the quotation is almost wholly a subjective value. And there remains the price—the weariness I mentioned which none of us complain about, but should take good care not to inflict on other people's lives. I did and I'm sorry about it. We're grateful too.

12. John Strachey, "The Strangled Cry," *Encounter*, November, 1960.

SOMETHING quite different which struck me—what seems to have been your desolation by [Malraux's] *Man's Fate*. But Hemmelrich goes back (supreme tenderness) to close the door left too hastily open on the bodies of his murdered wife and son. Tchen, about to throw himself and bomb under the automobile, believes that Pei (spared to life because Tchen acts alone) will be able to write more meaningfully by reason of Tchen's act. Kyo takes the cyanide with the sense that the concept of man's dignity enjoins control over his own death. Katow, surrendering even that ultimate, divides his cyanide with those less able to bear man's fate; and walks toward the locomotive[13] through a hall of bodies from which comes something like an unutterable sob—the strangled cry. It may also be phrased: "And the morning stars sang together for joy. It may also be phrased: *"Il faut supposer Katow heureux,"*[14] as Camus wrote: "*Il faut supposer Sisyphe heureux.*" For each age finds its own language for an eternal meaning.

As always,
Whittaker

"Where is Renoir's 'Girl with the Watering Can'?" I asked the attendant at the entrance to the National Gallery. I walked up the flight of stairs, turned left through two galleries, and spotted her near the corner. It was only 12:25, and I had the feeling he would be there at exactly 12:30, the hour we had set. I sat down on the ottoman in the center of the room. I could see through the vaulted opening into the adjacent galleries. I saw him approaching. It could only have been he, or Alfred Hitchcock. Five months had gone by since he had been at my home in Connecticut, but we were never out of touch; almost every Sunday after-*

13. Into whose furnace he will, by his executioners, be dropped alive.

14. One must suppose that Katow was happy.

*These lines are taken from an article in *Esquire* Magazine, October, 1962.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

noon I would call him, and we would talk, at length, discursively, and laugh together, between the strophes of his melancholy. (And every now and then —rarely, now that he was back at school—I would receive one of those letters.) The Sunday before, he told me he was to be in Washington on the eighth of June. I was surprised—he loathed Washington, and probably had not been there three times in ten years, although he lived only two hours away. Perhaps, I wondered, one of those infrequent meetings with Mr. Nixon—though Nixon was in California now. Perhaps yet one more meeting with the FBI. I had told him I would schedule my own business for the same day. He asked me to keep the evening open, and we agreed to meet for a private lunch. "You've guessed what's up, haven't you?" he said, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I haven't the least idea."

"John!" he said proudly. We went off talking excitedly. His son would be married that afternoon, and I was to go to the wedding and the reception.

"Where shall we eat?"

"I don't know," he said—I couldn't, on the spur of the moment, think of the name of a single small restaurant in Washington which might be reasonably proof against Chambers' being recognized—we had had that difficulty so often in New York, when he used to come to NATIONAL REVIEW *on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. "I can't think of any place," he said helplessly.*

"I know!" I interjected. "We must eat at L'Espionage!" He smiled.

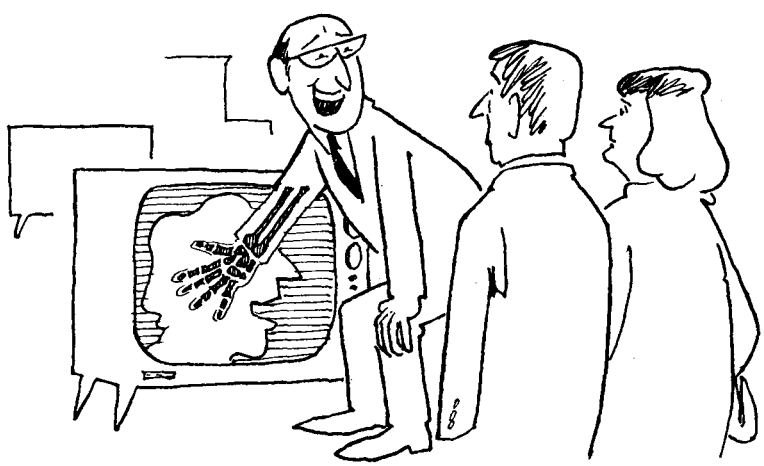
It wasn't open. We lunched somewhere, and talked and talked for the hour and a half we had. We walked then to the Statler and sat in the corner of the huge lobby. At that moment a reporter I had recently come to know approached me. I rose quickly and stood directly between him and Chambers, whose anxiety for the privacy of his son was intense (the press all but took over his daughter's wedding seven years before, and the entire family had taken elaborate precautions to keep this wedding out of public view). The reporter talked on and on, but my taciturn answers finally discouraged him; we shook hands and he left. I turned around. Chambers was gone.

We met again at seven, in the blistering heat, at the church at Georgetown where a few months earlier John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr., had been baptized.

But I cannot listen for any length of time to the speaking voice of Kirsten Flagstad, for example, without being done in by that magnificence of tone that seems to speak from the center of sorrow, even from the center of the earth.

Whittaker and his wife, Esther, slight and beautiful, with her incomparable warmth; a genial couple, old friends of Chambers from Baltimore; with his wife and sons, his steadfast friend Ralph de Toledano; the bride's parents, a sister of the bride and a friend of the groom. We went from there to a private room at the Statler, where we drank champagne (for the first time in my life, I saw him take a drink) and ate dinner. Whittaker was quiet, but I think he was very happy. The bride and groom left. We got up to go. After saying good night all the way around, I drew Whit aside and made him listen to an irreverent story, which shook him with laughter. I never knew a man who so enjoyed laughing. I waved my hand at him and went out with the Toledanos. As we stepped into the elevator I saw him framed by the door, his hand and Esther's clutched together, posing while his son-in-law popped a camera in his face: a grim reminder of all those flashbulbs ten years before. I never saw him again.

"Why on earth doesn't your father answer the phone?" I asked Ellen in Connecticut one Saturday afternoon, a month later. "Because," she said shyly, "Papa and the phone company are having a little tiff, and the phone is disconnected. They wanted him to trim one of his favorite trees to take the strain off the telephone line, and he put it off. So . . . they turned off the phone." I wired him: WHEN YOU COME TO TERMS WITH THE PHONE COMPANY GIVE ME A RING. *But he didn't call. The following Tuesday, I came back to my office from the weekly editorial lunch—I had thought, as often I did, how sorely we missed him there in the dining room. As I walked into my office I had a call. I took it standing, in front of my desk. It was John Chambers. He gave me the news. A heart attack. The final heart attack. Cremation in total privacy. The news would go to the press later that afternoon. His mother was in the hospital. I mumbled the usual inappropriate things, hung up the telephone, sat down, and wept.* "American men, who weep in droves in movie houses, over the woes of lovestruck shopgirls, hold that weeping in men is unmanly. I have found most men in whom there was depth of experience, or capacity for compassion, singularly apt to tears. How can it be otherwise? One looks and sees: and it would be a kind of impotence to be incapable of, or to grudge, the comment of tears, even while you struggle against it. I am immune to soap opera. . . . But I cannot listen for any length of time to the speaking voice of Kirsten Flagstad, for example, without being done in by that magnificence of tone that seems to speak from the center of sorrow, even from the center of the earth." *For me, and others who knew him, his voice had been and still is like Kirsten Flagstad's, magnificent in tone, speaking to our time from the center of sorrow, from the center of the earth.* □



J. J. Escourido

"Are you kidding? Radiation? From one of these babies?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM TOKYO

Japan's Campus Turmoil

DAVID BRUDNOY

JAPAN'S STUDENT REBELLION, like ours, is led by leftists opposed to American "militarist" positions in Asia and to traditional social and educational practices and institutions. The complexity of the problem, which in 1968-69 involved over a hundred colleges in violent disruption, is suggested by a somewhat baroque—or medieval—incident at Kyoto University. The administration there armed Communist students to enable them to confront the "radicals" (considered more leftist than the Reds). Sieges and countersieges ensued, with the various leftist factions (there are six) and the administration barricading each other in bewildering alternation.

Zengakuren, the huge, powerful leftist student organization, leads the nationwide revolt, attacking "American militarist imperialism" (specifically, the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty, up for renewal this year, and the Vietnam war) and "Japanese puppetry" to our "imperialism." The leftists' Marxist-Leninist rhetoric (though "we stand for democracy, not Communism"), anarchist-terrorist tactics, and goal of "destruction of our society and its restructuring along new lines" are familiar by now to Americans.

Admittance to Japanese universities is by competitive examination. Only the brightest enter the best colleges; the rest get the leavings, or nothing. The latter sometimes do additional prep work for a while and then try again. After a few unsuccessful cracks at the exam, the student gives up, either accepting his fate stoically or taking the "honorable" way out, suicide. Because of continuous violence last year, Tokyo University, Japan's most prestigious, was unable to give its entrance examination, thus prohibiting the matriculation of a freshman class. With good reason, high school students are almost obsessed with these exams. It is not so much how the student does in college, as into which college he gets, that matters. Once accepted by the "right" school, his career is virtually assured. "Post-entrance-exam let-down" is an awkward phrase, but a real phenomenon. The exam is *the* decisive watershed in a student's life. What comes before the exam is a build-up; what comes after—college—is in a sense a let-down.

Japan's educational system has veered toward the multiversity paradigm. Like their Western counterparts, Japanese students resent the disdainful attitude of aloof professors and the pinch of inadequate, crowded physical facilities; they feel "alienated" from the "feudalistic" system which favors rote learning and stifles creativity. Like academe, business, though increasingly adopting more merit-oriented practices, fortifies the traditional system by more or less equating the right college background and a clean nose—and one to the grindstone—with lifetime job security.

Young "intellectuals" (defined loosely as anyone attending a good college) have the time and energy to indulge in extremist activism, *time* denied them in high school and *energy* never again to be theirs once they have graduated to the business-success treadmill. Though popularizers of the "mystic Orient" often overstate the case for Japanese passivity (*shikata ga nai*), this plays its part as well. For students, college seems the only place actively to register their disavowal of *shikata ga nai*, which in effect is counterproductive.

The activist "solution" proposed by rebellious students to combat their frustration is three-pronged: 1) disentanglement from American "militarism" (socialists, women and students since Hiroshima have been in the vanguard of movements to end such connections, especially with atomic weaponry), in short, freedom from the anxieties of the nuclear age; 2) creation of a "non-feudalistic, open, relevant" university system; 3) broadening of social freedoms within the industrialized society to equal those in the West. Japanese irredentists demand American withdrawal from the Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa), over which Japan has residual sovereignty. And a greater and growing number of Japanese want an end to Japanese-American military alliances. Leftist student activists dramatize what millions of Japanese think, heightening the tensions by accentuating those grievances which fester in the body-politic. But as international realities will continue to make a U.S.-Japan alliance and its adjuncts necessay, this most specific and militant facet of the student program is not about to be realized soon.

Hope for amelioration in other areas is somewhat brighter. The Japanese schools are gradually changing, and racial "out-caste" and destitute minorities are tiny, and negligible politically. Japan is not "polarized" by these problems as is America. The structure of society is at once the real focus of protest and in fact amenable to change. Extensive postwar freedoms, in the choice of religion, spouse and occupation, for example, already exist. Inhibiting social strictures are loosening, although such social cements as the Confucian value system, which stresses family and group solidarity and pride in the nation, still operate effectively to check some of the more disintegrative societal tendencies.

DESPITE encouraging signs, however, immediate prospects for a return to campus tranquility are threatened by several uncertainties. If student insistence on immediate salvation cannot be peacefully tempered; if extreme rightists, who in the Twenties and Thirties acted like today's Left, grab their piece of the action by matching the leftists outrage for outrage; if those controlling the system, smug in their *amour-propre*, retrench into reaction and fail to respond to students' valid complaints with anything but jejune cant; if the Vietnam war is not resolved soon—then Japan's student rebellions will multiply, and probably intensify in extent and bitterness.

Japanese universities presently lack administrators like S. I. Hayakawa who can distinguish the hoked-up ploy from the responsible plan, and who can, and will, articulate the difference and act accordingly. Meanwhile, a surfeit of Japanese Mark Rudd-lets is on hand diverting possibly constructive protest into detrimental ruts. The interaction of adult *shikata ga nai* and student exuberance, in Japan as in America, adds up to combustion. And farcical capitulation to anything demanded may buy some time—but dearly. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM LONDON

Three Conservative Musketeers

COLM BROGAN

EVER SINCE he was elected leader of the Tory Party, Edward Heath has had a most embarrassing, not to say humiliating, public position. Opinion polls have consistently shown him lagging disastrously behind his party in public confidence and popularity. At times, the gap has been so disastrous that many Tories thought he should do the graceful thing and step down as Sir Alec Douglas-Home had done before him. Indeed, it was only the inflexible loyalty of Sir Alec that killed a potential "Heath Must Go" movement; for if Heath were to be forced out, Sir Alec was the only possible successor and he would have none of it. Now that the run-in for the election is beginning Heath's position is secure and he is even making a much better public impression and there are many who believe that though he has made a poor leader of the Opposition he could make a very good Prime Minister.

Nevertheless, there are three Tories with a far greater appeal, both party and national. First, there is Enoch Powell. If Powell addressed a coffee morning of the Muddlecombe Parva Women's Vegetable Marrow Growers' Association his speech would make the headlines. This is the more extraordinary in that most of his speeches are not on inflammatory topics like colored immigration but on economics. It is safe to say that if there are ten men in the audience who have the faintest glimmer of what the hell he is talking about, the whole ten of them are Milton Friedman in disguise. But Powell is a speaker of quite extraordinary virtuosity. Although his audience could not tell a floating pound from a floating kidney, they are readily convinced that the Socialist ministers are economically dumber than they are themselves. If they go further and conclude that the same is true of most of the Tory pundits, Powell will certainly not call an emergency meeting to insist that he didn't mean that at all.

Still, though Powell has immense appeal even among Labor supporters, he is a non-starter for Number Ten Downing Street. There are two things the traditional Tory instinctively dislikes. One is intellectualism. He can't warm up to a man who has not only translated Herodotus, but can also chat cheerfully in Urdu and in Welsh. They could take one or the other, but not both; it is true that he has gone foxhunting, but Engels was very fond of that sport, and not even Powell could persuade an audience that Engels was a truly orthodox Tory.

The other thing Tories most dislike is disloyalty. They rate loyalty above all other virtues, which may explain why they have held office in four out of every five years since 1918. Indeed, when they occasionally lose an election they feel as baffled as a group of first-class railway travelers who find one day that their customary compartment has been occupied by a bunch of football rowdies. On this vital point, the case against Powell is not nearly as strong as his enemies would like. Powell faithfully treads the party line, but in such a manner that observers are tempted to ask if it is not those who chalked the line who are being tested for sobriety. Similarly, he cannot be accused of "rocking the boat," but his thoughtful expression sometimes suggests that he is wondering whether setting a course for the North Pole is really the best way of reaching the Bahamas. When party policy has been laid down he sticks to the brief, but the apparat only too often fails to recognize the brief when it is stuck to Powell. His appeal is enormous, but although there is probably a large majority that strongly agrees with something of what he says, very few agree with all of it. A man like Powell does not make a Prime Minister. No doubt in the inner recesses of the Tory central office there are men who would tell you privately and pungently what it does make him.

Alec's Smart

The second figure of immense appeal is Alec Douglas-Home. It may be enough to say of him that if Britain were ever in such dire straits that a leader was required whom everyone would trust implicity, that man would be the fourteenth Earl of Home (retired). Nowhere would his re-emergence be more welcomed than in your State Department. I have no wish to be rude to your men who are engaged in foreign affairs, but candor compels me to assert that they are a singularly obtuse body of men. When a British government puts forward a proposal that is reeking like incense with pure altruism they not only study the fine print, but they test it for invisible ink and send it to the cipher department. They suspect Britain of pulling a fast one. This suspicion baffles me. It is an historical fact that the British most unwillingly acquired the largest empire the world has ever known. How else could this have been done except by inspiring immediate love and trust wherever they landed a few regiments, backed perhaps by the odd peaceloving warship? Yet, in spite of their quite incomprehensive suspicion, whenever a proposal reached the State Department with the assurance that "Alec" himself had given his word, that was enough. The experts on skulduggery could go home. His reputation at home is such that he brought the last Tory Annual Conference to a standstill with all the delegates cheering their heads off for no better reason that that he had slipped unobtrusively on to the platform without opening his mouth.

The third of the headline catchers is Quintin Hogg, formerly Lord Hailsham. In the popular view, he used to be thought of as the Tory answer to George Brown, rambunctious, tactless and richly human. The popular view is wrong. Unlike George Brown, Quintin Hogg is a most unusually nice man. He is also a formidable intellectual, with a star-studded career at Eton and Oxford. However, Tories find it easy to forgive an intellectual who can say that any man who votes Socialist must be "stark, staring bonkers." He didn't get that from Herodotus or translate it from Urdu. Socialists find it quite easy to forgive him, too. (By the way, there was an outburst of linguistic eclecticism in the Gorbals by-election. The Scottish Nationalist candidate distributed leaflets in Urdu for the immigrant population, but the Scottish Socialist Workers'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Party candidate went one better. He distributed the *Thoughts of Mao Tse-tung* in Gaelic. He got several votes.)

Quintin Hogg has been accused of publicity-hunting. I have reason to know that this accusation is untrue. When he was First Lord of the Admiralty, I frequently met him in the Feathers having a snack lunch. The Feathers is a combination of pub and lunchroom frequented by Fleet Street journalists and barristers from the Temple. I congratulated him one day on being made Minister of Education, a post which carried cabinet rank. When he had gone I mentioned the news to a waitress who regularly served him. She had no idea that he was anything other than an ordinary customer. So much for self-advertisement.

It was frequently said that he had stolen the limelight at a Tory conference by being photographed sea-bathing in October and also by violently ringing a bell in the conference hall. But Hogg always has a swim in the early morning whenever he is at the seaside. He had been bathing for days quite unnoticed before a very early bird photographer snapped him coming out of the water. The bell-ringing episode was high spirits. At the end of every conference the Tories present a memorial bell to the conference chairman. The good lady who presided that year had run things with such sergeant-major efficiency that the delegates felt they were back at school. Hogg who made the presentation rang the bell to give the conference its first laugh of the week. The conference roared and the press photographers kept popping away as he swung the bell in ever wider circles grinning all over his face.

He dropped the title of Hailsham in a bid for the succession when Harold Macmillan resigned with dramatic suddenness. His bid failed but his stature was immensely increased. He has been much helped by television, where his good humor, goodwill, stout traditionalism, quick wits and high intelligence are appreciated by supporters of all parties. He is particularly effective in discussions with progressive Marcusian youth. It soon becomes evident, even to the most unsophisticated that he has forgotten more than the youth will ever learn—and he has forgotten almost nothing. After one of these discussions a fervent Labor man said to me, "Thank God we've got Quintin Hogg to answer these pagan louts." The significant word was "we." Labor or not, he looked on Hogg as an irreplaceable champion of the Christian mind and conscience.

Wild for Hogg

The flare-up in Ulster was highly embarrassing to the Tory Party, for it is closely connected with the Ulster Unionists and before 1914 the Tory record on Irish Home Rule was shockingly bad. The Tories are haunted by history and also by present commitments, for the Ulster Protestants send members to Westminster who are full members of the Conservative Party. One of them is a brother of Chichester Clark. Therefore some of the odium acquired by Stormont rubbed off on British Tories. It was Quintin Hogg who was quick-witted enough to see that this connection could be turned to an advantage.

He went to Ulster as a party colleague of the administration. He spoke to everybody, politicians, innumerable private citizens. When he got to Derry the authorities tried to keep him out of Bogside because it was feared that someone would recall his father had been a strong opponent of Home Rule. (His grandfather had been an Irish immigrant to England.)

Hogg got around this difficulty quite neatly. He paid a solo visit to a police station, and then slipped out of the back door and into Bogside. He made a deep impression there, not only by his open-mindedness and evident goodwill, but also by his extraordinary grasp of the complexities of the situation.

Official business at a Tory Party conference ends at 5 P.M. Quintin Hogg rose to speak on Ulster at ten to five. As the delegates' minds are already straying towards the evening jollities the last speaker is expected to be anodyne and to finish the nothing he has to say well within ten minutes. Quintin Hogg spoke without a single note for 35 minutes. He was heard with rapt attention, all jollities forgotten. Among other things, he said he had heard the basest insinuations against British troops in Ulster. Hammering the table, he added, "And it was not in Bogside that I heard them." He raised an ugly contest of recriminations to the level of tragedy, and when he ended with a passionate plea for faith and hope and, above all, charity he was not the only man in the hall with tears in his eyes. I can think of no other man in British politics with the combination of qualities needed to make that speech.

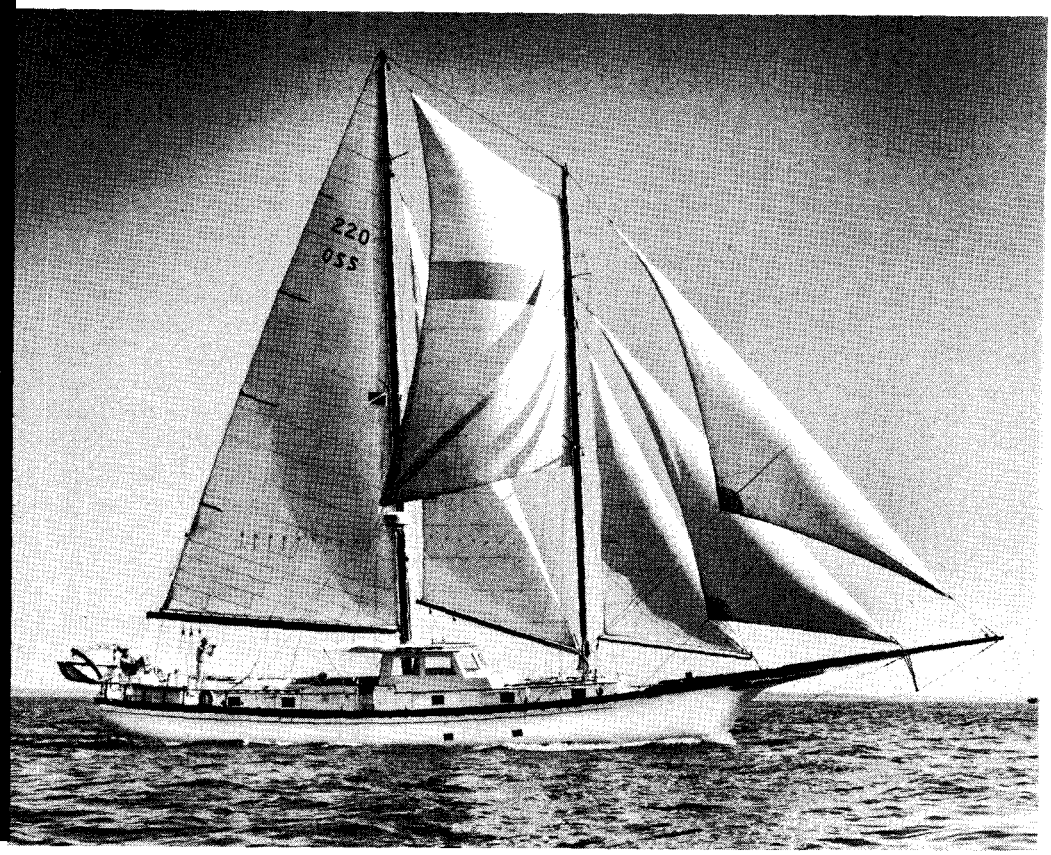
Thus, there are three men near Edward Heath's throne who are taller in the public eye than the man enthroned. Of course, the situation will be changed when Heath becomes Prime Minister for his formidable qualities are administrative and this will not become publicly clear until he is in office.

Even then, these three men of most unusual quality will still be uncomfortably near. Home and Hogg will undoubtedly be the most loyal of cabinet colleagues. As for Powell, Heath must be wondering which would be the more horrible fate—to have him in the cabinet or out of it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charter Cyrano

60′ Staysail Schooner— Yours for 3 days, a week, a fortnight



Cyrano

designed and built expressly for chartering—offers a family of six, (or three couples), unsurpassed luxury in a sailing yacht. Three separate guest staterooms, spacious saloon with piano and bar, a partially-enclosed deckhouse, plenty of open deck space, separate dining quarters...all designed for your pleasure and comfort. CYRANO is manned by a captain, mate, cook, and cabin boy, all of whom are anxious to serve you and see that no reasonable wish goes unfulfilled. Their living quarters, incidentally, are completely separate from yours for maximum privacy.

For your safety CYRANO has a 150-watt radio telephone, radar, loran, inflatable rafts, flares, and all equipment required by the Coast Guard. For added enjoyment she has a 12′ tender with 20-HP outboard, water skis, a sailing pram, stereo Hi Fi throughout the ship, a diving buoy, closed-circuit TV, and of course air conditioning.

Although CYRANO is comfortable—luxurious, really—she is first and foremost a rugged, salty, *sailing* schooner. She carries 2,400 square feet of sail, and exceeds 10 knots on a beam reach. Her powerful 160-HP Perkins diesel allows her to cruise at 8½ knots under power all day.

To find out all about CYRANO, and start plans in motion for the best holiday you've had in years, fill in and mail the coupon below to your yacht broker, or to Caribbean Enterprises, Inc.

Caribbean Enterprises, Inc.
150 E. 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send complete information on chartering CYRANO. No obligation, of course.

NAME *Please print*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TELEPHONE NUMBER

Dimensions & Particulars

Length on deck: 60′
Extreme length: 82′ (tip of bowsprit to davits)
Length waterline: 52′
Beam: 17′2″ Draft: 5′6″
Engine: Perkins Diesel, 160 HP
Built: 1963 Rebuilt: 1967
Speed: 8½ knots cruising. 9½ knots maximum
Tanks: 340 gallons fuel—540 gallons fresh water
Sail area: 2,400 sq. ft.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SATANIC MILLS AND MODERN SCHOLARS

Remember those bad old capitalists who enclosed Britain's fields, chained children to the looms, wrote a Constitution to entrench their own wealth? They're all victims of a bad press, says Mr. McGouldrick

The Myths the Liberals Live By

PAUL McGOULDRICK

A HOSTILE ACCOUNT of the history of capitalism is now very much a part of the conventional wisdom. Every student knows (because his professors have told him) that from its beginnings in the seventeenth century, the story of capitalism is one of exploitation, greed and the misery of ordinary men and women, relieved only by the heroism of social reformers whose work, somewhat magically, bore fruit in America and Europe after the 1920s and explains the high standard of living of today's workers.

This interpretation has been reinforced by a number of works which by now possess what can only be called classic status: Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, novels like Dickens' *Hard Times*, the social commentary of Carlyle and Ruskin, the work of Marx and Engels—most notably the famous chapter on the Working Day in *Capital*.

Yet this picture of capitalist development, firmly established though it may be, rests upon foundations and assumptions which have been laid waste by scholarly research of relatively recent date. This scholarly work, carried on by men who for the most part cannot be described as conservatives, is scattered through technical journals and relatively inaccessible monographs; it has not yet been apprehended in most classrooms or by the paperback audience. It is the purpose of this article to take account of it and set forth some of its implications.

II

No one disputes that ordinary men and women led deprived lives a hundred or 150 years ago. They had to. Their societies were poor by any later standard. Nevertheless, the long-term

record of capitalist evolution displays lessening, not deepening, poverty; capitalists and speculators as generally productive, not useless, agents of change; large-scale enterprises as not necessarily gobbling up the poor man and the small entrepreneur; many alleged monopolies as having singularly little power to control the prices of their products; alleged plundering of the public actually constituting a fair return for the assumption of risks; and capitalists as usually hanging back from rather than pushing into colonial ventures which, in fact, were primarily promoted by non-capitalist groups and ideologies.

It may do some good to confront some of the sustaining myths head-on.

Yeomen in the Gloamin'

Myth No. 1: The English Enclosure Movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, while raising agricultural output, robbed the sturdy English yeomen of their land and drove them into the new English manufacturing cities.

This doctrine derives in large part from Karl Marx, who used it to answer a key question: How did the early English factories obtain their labor force without causing thereby a drop in agricultural output? In his vividly written *The Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century* Paul Mantoux gave it influential support, and it has reigned unchallenged in academe for many years.

Nevertheless, it is now clear that the enclosures which transformed agricultural production in the England of the early industrial revolution *raised* the number of workers needed per unit of land: because of the accompanying changes in product (a shift to livestock and vegetable cultivation), shifts in technique (from the three-field system to intensive cultivation of compact plots) and the large number of workers required because of ever-growing investment in ditches, hedges, roads and farm buildings. Detailed surveys of the population of agricultural counties and villages has now established that far from declining, the agricultural population *rose* from the 1740s right up to the 1840s. Furthermore, the number of small farmers in most English areas either rose or remained stable throughout the same period. Their eventual decline, far from being caused by enclosures, was due to the post-1850 transformation of English

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agriculture as it competed with cheap grain from overseas.

But where, then, did the English factories obtain the workers they needed? Demographic studies have now made the answer clear. The labor was supplied not by impoverished yeomen driven off their land, but by an unprecedented increase in population in the whole of England which started about the mid-eighteenth century. Far from impoverishing ordinary workers, enclosures of a capitalistic type made it possible for their increasing numbers to be fed in an age when high transportation costs and inflexible supply conditions made large-scale food imports impracticable.

Those Starving Drudges

Myth No. 2: During the English industrial revolution, the living standards of the English masses declined sharply as they toiled in those dark Satanic mills under the supervision of Mr. Bounderby.

Half a century ago, scholars were as united in their acceptance of this myth as non-specialists are today. At that time, economic historians still derived nearly all of their conclusions from the same sources as political historians: literary documents such as newspapers, pamphlets and parliamentary inquiries. And the evidence from these sources seemed to be open-and-shut. Prior to the establishment of the large-scale capitalist enterprises which went with the English industrial revolution, complaints about the misery of the workers were very few and scattered. As the factories rose in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, so did the volume and intensity of protest, until a torrent of Factory Act inspector reports provided the smokeless powder for Karl Marx's bomb.

The first step in de-mythologization here was made some fifty years ago when the English historian Sir John Clapham found no significant decline in real wage rates and produced evidence, instead, of a rise. However, Clapham and his successors were as cautious as Marx and the Hammonds had been reckless; and difficulties of interpretation connected with the changing skills and intensity of labor over long periods of time kept their voices low.

In a celebrated article published after World War II, however, a doyen of English economic history, Thomas Ashton, attacked the doctrine of growing misery on a broad front, pointing in particular to the penchant of historians for selecting data from war and depression periods.[1] But the hardest blow to the myth was delivered by the English historian M. R. Hartwell in his article "The Rising Standard of Living" (*Economic History Review*, April 1961). Earlier studies of real wages had been inconclusive, although damaging to the myth, because the long uptrend from about 1750 to 1850 had apparently been interrupted for some

time around the Napoleonic wars, and because wage rate statistics on particular occupations could not be generalized to cover all industrial workers. Hartwell's contribution was simple but deadly. He showed that not only income but consumption per capita was growing sharply between 1800 and 1850; and he also pointed to some of the fallacies in the myth-makers' methods: their tacit view that per capita consumption of meat in London, for example, could be inferred from the livestock receipts of one market ill equipped to serve the growing areas of the city. Other statistics—on emigration and on consumption of specific goods—support Hartwell (and all schools agree that real wages were rising after about 1850).

More striking still, if possible, is the fact that even the exceptions to this new picture of rising well-being tend to undermine the old myth. The Irish peasantry did become worse off between 1750 and the catastrophic Potato Famine; but this was not due to capitalist development, but to mutual hatred between conquerors and conquered, land tenure customs which destroyed peasant incentives to invest, and an unprecedented population explosion—all factors which militated against normal capitalist development. When these conditions were corrected, as after 1880, Irish living standards (like those of Danish and Dutch peasants) rose in a developing capitalist environment. Again, the fabled long agony of the English handweavers was due to the hesitancy of investment in the new weaving mills rather than to over-rapid mechanization. Far from introducing child labor, the first century of dynamic capitalism saw the first limitations on its abuse. As Ashton has pointed out persuasively, the bad quality of much housing in the new industrial cities was as much due to unwise fiscal measures on the part of the English government and to the newness of the industrial cities as to lack of foresight and the fact that living standards, though rising, were still low.

Capitalist Colonialism?

Myth No. 3: The race for colonies and the imperialist rivalries before 1914 were primarily due to the needs of European and North American capitalists for markets and opportunities to invest.

Recent monographs, some by writers as unsympathetic with dreams of imperial glory as were those staunch laissez-faire liberals Cobden and Bright, have confirmed the earlier arguments of Joseph Schumpeter, Eugene Staley and Lionel Robbins: many if not most capitalists were, as Theodore Roosevelt charged, "anxious to court any infamy if only peace can be obtained and the business situation be not disturbed." Between 1870 and 1914, the desire for overseas colonies was at least as apt to be coupled with a "progressive" or socialist orientation as with a capitalist

1. Thomas Ashton, "The Standard of Life of the Workers in England, 1790-1830" in Friedrich Hayek (ed.), *Capitalism and the Historian*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one. The careers of Joseph Chamberlain and many Fabian Socialists in England, Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Albert Beveridge in America, and Jules Ferry in France attest to the imperialism of critics of capitalism, while Henry Higginson, Grover Cleveland, John Spooner, Andrew Carnegie, Speaker Thomas Reed of the House, and Bismarck demonstrate the contrapositive. Much more conclusively, however, recent studies of the flow of international capital prior to 1914 show that up to four-fifths of all the capital flowing from Europe went to politically independent countries and to self-governing British dominions; not to colonies in the "Third World" but to independent Americans, Canadians and Australians The small portion of total investment going to dependent colonies could not have sustained profit and interest rates for European capitalists before World War I. But why go on? This myth has now been questioned by many academic liberals, and it may even be rejected by progressive journalists along about 1990 or so.

The Founding Fatcats

Myth No. 4: In 1787, the Founding Fathers wrote the Constitution as a weapon favoring property interests at the expense of agrarians and the poor.

This myth, of course, was propounded by Charles Beard in his brilliantly written *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*. For more than three decades after its appearance in 1911, the thesis flourished virtually unchallenged in departments of economics and history. Beard had "proved" that the Constitution "meant for the manufacturers a protective tariff; for trade and shipping groups, tariffs and other legislation against foreign shipping; for money interests, the prevention of 'renewed attempts of desperate debtors like Shays,' and for public creditors ample revenues for the payment of their claims." He had shown that many of the writers of the Constitution owned government securities, mercantile and manufacturing properties, and other property; many also called for limitations on popular rule. So what was there to argue about?

After World War II, however, Forrest McDonald and other historians finally examined Beard's methods and documentation. They found that Beard had made a highly selective use of the public records, omitting such unpleasant facts as that fully a fourth of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention had previously voted in their state legislatures for paper money—supposedly the abomination of abominations for American capitalists.[2] Another fourth had economic interests in land, which the Beardsian thesis assigned to the anti-Federalist side. Indeed, agricultural land was a far more important investment, for most delegates, than the public securities and "mercantile interests" vaguely specified by Beard.

In the ratifying conventions of the thirteen states, the new historians have found no correlation between Beardsian economic interests and attitudes for and against accepting the new Constitution. In Delaware, which approved it unanimously, three-fourths of the delegates were farmers; there were no merchants, manufacturers or bankers. The proportion of farmers in other conventions approving the Constitution ran: New Jersey, 64 per cent; Georgia, 60 per cent (counting frontiersmen); Maryland, 85 per cent of those voting for ratification; South Carolina, 70 per cent of those voting for ratification; and so forth. All of these conventions, dominated by agrarians, approved the document. In four other states (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and New York), the breakdown of interest groups favoring and opposing ratification corresponded in only one case (Massachusetts) to Beard's thesis, and there doubtfully. Similarly, securities holders were no more apt to support the Constitution than were non-securities holders.

In exploding the myth of selfless altruism among the Founding Fathers, Beard actually created an even more indefensible myth of simple economic motivation.

Age of Schlesinger

Myth No. 5: On behalf of Western agrarians and Eastern workingmen, Andrew Jackson overthrew the monopolistic power of Nicholas Biddle and his Second Bank of the United States, in the 1830s.

There is always a lowering of the spirit when one passes from Charles Beard to Arthur Schlesinger Jr., with whom the above doctrine is inseparably connected *(The Age of Jackson)*. The persistence of his doctrine in classroom and discourse testifies to the immortality lent by ideology to doctrine, for it was subjected to attack almost on its appearance by Bray Hammond, first in a devastating review and then in his magisterial *Banks and Politics in America Prior to the Civil War*. As to Schlesinger's method of discourse, Hammond wrote in his review in 1946:

> Mr. Schlesinger's vocabulary purrs over his friends. The landscapes at the Hermitage and Kinderhook smile in a fashion not noticeable where Whigs and Federalists live. The Jacksonian leaders have a "pervading insight," their wrath is "magnificent," one or another of them is "handsome," "grave," "masterly," "erudite" . . . etc., etc., and the old hero himself is touchingly fond of children. The opposition is a sorry outfit. They are Bank "lackies," they "roar" and "snarl," they deal in "hullabaloo," they are "phony," . . . their best minds are "opaque" and one gets the impression that Mr. Schlesinger never thinks of them as loving little children at all.

Hammond annihilates most of Schlesinger's contentions. Far from being monopolistic, the Second Bank of the United States was subject to effective and growing competition in its loan business by state-chartered banks throughout its twenty-year history. Far from lusting after monopoly, Nicholas Biddle articulated and practiced a theory of central bank control over note issues which was considerably less self-aggrandizing than the practice of the Bank of England and other foreign central banks. The Jacksonian chiefs in Washington, far from being precursors of the New Deal, were ardent advocates of the most uncompromising doctrines of laissez-faire, extending even to note issue and bank credit expansion without check or constraint by any authority. Wall Street antagonism to Chestnut Street had more to do with Martin van Buren's steadfast support of Jackson than all the lucubrations of the radical pamphleteers. Jackson's own motive in opposing the Second Bank might have been the desire to pass ultimately to a hard money system, but the practical effect of his successful opposition was to destroy any central control over state bank note issues and so to pave the way for inflation and ever-growing credit extensions to the commercial and manufacturing capitalists clamoring for loans. And much as they do today, workingmen and small farmers suffered from the resulting inflation brought about by their supposed "progressive" friends in Washington.

2. In addition, the Beard argument that depreciated paper money was unfavorable to "capitalist interests" would have amazed John Maynard Keynes, who maintained precisely the opposite in *A Treatise on Money*. See the following section on the Jackson-Biddle controversy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robbers or Risk-Takers?

Myth No. 6: Before the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point in 1869, "the directors of the Union Pacific, not content with government largesse, organized a dummy construction company and voted that company fraudulent contracts that netted them profits running into the millions of dollars," thus saddling the road "with such debts that the government had to whistle for its loans and communities which they served had to pay exorbitant charges for a generation to come." (Allen Nevins and Henry Steele Commager, *The Pocket History of the United States*).

But surely, the reader may ask plaintively, there were robber barons after the Civil War? Of course, one should reply—just as intelligent liberals will admit waste and confusion in the poverty program. But the recent study by Professor Robert Fogel, *The Union Pacific Railroad*, not only destroys Myth 6 but suggests that many tolls levied by bewiskered barons may have been in fact a fair return for risk-taking.

Until Fogel, three generations of text-writing historians had uncritically accepted the contemporary findings of the Wilson Committee of Congress: that the promoters of the Union Pacific, in the corporate form of the Credit Mobilier company, had drained the railroad of $43 million from the $94 million paid the Credit Mobilier for construction costs. And all this, on less than $5 million of capital advanced to the railroad by the promoters! Fogel first observed that the $43 million amounted to more cash than the railroad ever had. Then, he scaled down the $43 million "profit" more than half by noting the previously overlooked fact that the Credit Mobilier advanced hard cash to the actual contractors while taking as compensation Union Pacific stocks and bonds which had to be sold at very large discounts. These discounts, in turn, represented a competitive-market judgment in the late 1860s that the transcontinental railroad was a very risky enterprise with poor earning prospects even with the government land subsidies and loans provided in 1862 and 1864. Fogel then applied economic theory to these market discounts to measure what the fair return to the promoters for their advances of cash was, when adjusted for their risk-bearing. The resulting fair return was $11.1 million, not too far from his estimates of the promoters' actual profits (between $13 and $16.5 million).

Fogel's accomplishment has several ironic aspects. One is that until his investigation, no historian had thought of applying relatively simple tools of economic analysis to what was, all along, an economic problem in establishing rates of return. Another is that the railroad did show losses until its bankruptcy in the 1890s, but it would not have earned a penny above interest charges even if the promoters had been altruists and cut their profits far below the fair return adjusted for risk. Perhaps the crowning irony is that railroad losses from 1872 to the 1890s contrast with a net social gain measured by the rent of land along the route from Omaha to Salt Lake City. And since this rent (and appreciation of land values) accrued to farmers, we might conclude, paradoxically, that farmers exploited the railroad, not vice versa!

How the Speculators Won the West

Myth No. 7: The settlement of the American West was marked by wild land speculation, which resulted in the monopolization of choice lands, tenant farming, land being kept off the market, and the diversion of funds from hard-pressed farmers to unproductive speculators.

In his recent book, *Growth and Welfare in the American Past*, Professor Douglas North demonstrates that frontier land could never have been monopolized, since it was available at many public auctions along a thousand-mile frontier. Thousands of land speculators, ranging from farmers interested in capital gains to Eastern syndicates of a few capitalists each, reproduced in reality the theoretical conditions for a highly competitive market. Speculators provided genuine services, then as today, by dividing parcels into farm-sized lots, holding land for sale between the periodic federal and state auctions, and advancing capital. They did *not* usually hold on to land for extended periods of time (as found by another researcher, Robert Swierenga); and, since land was always available to dirt farmers at auctions, it is nonsense to speak of speculator exploitation or monopoly. The growth of tenant farming after 1865 was due to increasing capital requirements for corn and wheat growing and the breakdown of slavery in the already-settled South; land speculation as such had nothing to do with it. Nor was speculation responsible for tilling practices that caused soil erosion; such farming methods were used everywhere in the world where land was cheap and other factors of production expensive. Finally, the very speed with which the West was settled by farmers testifies to an efficient, if at times over-exuberant, market mechanism for land, rather than to restrictive monopoly.

Crushed by the Iron Horse?

Myth No. 8: Between the Civil War and the Progressive Era of Theodore Roosevelt, farmers were made worse off by falling prices of foodstuffs and by railroads which kept freight rates high to absorb the remaining profits from farming.

Again, we have to thank Professor North for a sturdy blow to the conventional learning. By comparing prices received for food and prices paid for manufactured goods, North established that farm terms of trade with the non-farm economy were *improving* from 1865 to 1888-1890. But was this improvement nugatory because railroads were exploiting farmer and city-dweller alike? Just the reverse: rail freight rates *fell* relative to food prices, so that farmers were receiving an *increasing* share of the food dollar from 1873 to 1893 and on to 1913. Of course, farm prices were declining in *nominal* terms from the Greenback Civil War inflation to the all-time price low of the 1890s; but both freight rates and prices of manufactured goods were falling faster and further.

North's finding on freight rates, then, destroys the legend of *successful* railroad attempts to combine and exploit (there is no doubt that many roads tried). The capitalist engine was working well despite the efforts of self-proclaimed foes and friends alike. And his suggestion that farm discontent in the period 1870-1895 was really caused by exposure to the risk of fluctuating prices, as farmers entered the world capitalist economy, accords with the strange willingness of so many people at that time to enter an apparently terrible occupation.

III

Many myths with anti-capitalist implications could be dealt with in detail. The myth that a primitive and/or stagnant economy existed in Russia prior to the Communist seizure of power in 1917 does not accord with Alexander Gerschenkron's description of the burst

(Continues on page 167)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSELL KIRK

REFLECTIONS IN DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE

FROM THE ACADEMY

Wandering for a fortnight in Dalmatia, your servant has meditated on the persistence with which human nature and civilized institutions reassert themselves. Poor Yugoslavia—after suffering a quarter of a century ago a civil war more terrible than Spain's, the ravages of repeated invasions and "liberations," and the triumph of an armed doctrine, Communism—why, poor Yugoslavia now makes her way back toward the politics of the possible.

If one sits at a table of the Café Luxor, in the ancient heart of Split, one sees pullulating about him a life indistinguishable from that of Western Europe. Sitting there, one is confronted by the cathedral, once the tomb of the Emperor Diocletian; for this square was the peristyle of Diocletian's Palace, converted into a teeming fortified town by the Roman refugees from Salona, after the Avars and the Slavs had broken the defenses of Illyria.

Within that tomb-cathedral, mass is celebrated still, and the tourists from West and East swarm like bees through its chapels. The city guide outside may sneer at "the opiate of the people"; but faith, the adversary of ideology, persists nevertheless, and may be stronger than ever when Tito has been dead as long as Diocletian, that masterful persecutor of Christians. Like the old Illyrians, the modern Yugoslavs render unto Caesar what is Caesar's; yet Caesars pass, and even whole peoples cease to be, and still the continuity of church and culture endures.

On the hillside above Split, Tito's name glows enormously in neon; his photograph hangs on the wall in every shop and restaurant. But one finds hammer and sickle nowhere; even civil police are conspicuous by their absence; ideology is in the sere and yellow leaf. Like Diocletian before him, Tito has become the Protector, the shield against the menace from the Russian plains. Behind that shield, the patrimony of Rome —Rome classical and Rome Christian— begins to be cherished again.

"Two there are by whom this world is ruled," said Pope Gelasius, in another dark time. There is church, there is state; there is emperor, there is God. Tito is as much a divinity as was any Caesar; but he grows old, and when he passes the state he created will be only a shadow of what he had intended— even while he lives, it is being transmuted into something else, will he or no —and the church will rise upon his grave even as it made its own the mausoleum of its adversary Diocletian. In Slovenia, the seminaries are overcrowded already; in the universities, the Yugoslav students demand emancipation from the dogma of Marxism.

The Communist ideologue knows two grand enemies: the "opiate" of the church, the comforts and vices of the bourgeoisie. Yugoslavia's revolution has failed to crush either foe. At Dubrovnik, great monasteries still ward the city's two splendid gates, and choirs still sing, while Marxist ideology fades to a shadow of itself. In Dubrovnik, too, the revolution-created "New Class" entertains itself at the casinos and the pleasant restaurants that are a far cry from the workers' canteen of an earlier day.

Some members of the New Class deposit gold in Swiss banks, or acquire villas in Egypt; meanwhile, proletarian virtue decays, and the age-old phenomena of the short-changing waiter, the gratuity-soliciting petty functionary and the sly pornographer are experienced afresh. My friends and I voyaged down the shores of Dalmatia and Montenegro upon a vessel called the "Proletarian" —first class. All proletarians are equal, but some are more equal than others.

Architectural restoration, historic preservation and archeological museums flourish famously in Yugoslavia: the past has not gone down the Memory Hole. There are Museums of the People's Revolution in every city, too— yet they attract few visitors. Excavation of the vast vaulted cellars of Diocletian's Palace, packed tight with sixteen centuries' rubbish, makes progress. Tito will leave no such colossal monument behind him, and his time may be recorded by future historians as a brief distasteful interregnum, even less productive of art and architecture than was Cromwell's Protectorate in England.

Far eastward, the strange god enshrined at Moscow has failed. "That belongs to America," a Pula taxi-driver chuckles, pointing to the moon. The man is proprietor of his own cab, a good new car; he saves money; he has kinfolk in San Pedro. In the humming yards of Pula, the ships are built that make their way through the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to Chicago, or by Panama to the Pacific. The ships' officers, amiable efficient men, know the West well; they do not genuflect in the direction of Moscow.

Laughing and singing, rifles slung on their backs, young soldiers are shipped up and down the Adriatic, through the maze of islands: but only a few, for the bulk of the army is near the Rumanian frontier; there is no doubt that they would fight well against their grim Marshal's former sponsors should need arise.

DIOCLETIAN'S imperial structure lingered in Illyria for a century and a half, and endured after a fashion in Byzantium for more than a millennium. Deficient in the Roman practical genius, and not shored up by the transcendent faith of Christianity, Tito's revolutionary transformation and its Russian model must count their life in decades, rather than in centuries. In the peristyle of the Palace, the sphinxes have endured the crash of empire after empire. One thing they never have stared upon, and that is the Terrestrial Paradise. Close beside them, thrusting upward, the tall Gothic campanile proclaims a different kingdom and a different power and a different glory. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

THE WELL-TEMPERED DINNER GUEST

COMPETITORS in the first Delectations Competition were asked to submit no less than two entries on dinner-table conversation starters with uncommunicative partners. Money, politics and religion were banned as subjects, and harmless remarks along the lines of: "If you had to make a final choice, which would you take, sex or books?" encouraged.

I am happy to report that results were splendid. From the number of entries, it is obvious that *NR* readers have much suffered from the ghastly silence at one's right and one's left that casts such a chill at far too many dinners. The majority of the entries ran to many more than the set two, attesting to both our readers' ingenuity and industry. I was also impressed with the high standard of neatness of the entries, and their excellent organization. And I wish to thank again all the competitors who said such nice things about Delectations.

The entries were judged, over lunch, by Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, C. H. Simonds and myself. We were serene and our ethics above any possible doubt since Bill paid for the lunch, and since none of us knew any of the competitors. First prize, *The Picnic Book* by Nika Hazelton (suitably inscribed, like all the prizes, by the four judges) goes to James Gordon Bennet III, 900 Old Lancaster Rd, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010 for his: "If you had your life to live over again, would you have come tonight?" and "Do you ever get the impression Huntley and Brinkley can't stand each other?" Second prize, the *Vogue Book of Etiquette*, goes to Cydney J. Stetson, 184 Longue Vue Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15228 for: "Do you think if snow were a darker color, it would make the earth look smaller?" and "Do you think the alphabet does any good?" Third prize, *The Swiss Cookbook* by Nika Hazelton, goes to Lucia Maria Juniper, 609 East Drachman Street, Tucson, Arizona 85705, for: "Is ground glass shiny after being cooked?" and "How do you stand on the Great Lakes?" This competitor was especially inventive and exceptionally neat. The letter written by E. K. Bailey, 325 East 41 Street, New York City 10017 contained a number of gems, which we could not print. But such was its beauty that a Special Award was created for his quoting me to a suitable and sensitive person with: "Madame, get off your ass and do what your forefathers have done—till the soil." The award consists of *Beautiful Thoughts* by Tiny Tim.

Honorable Mentions go to the following: Barbara Connell, New York City for: "Who does the dishes at the 'Galloping Gourmet's' house?" and "Does a snake curl or coil?" Regina C. Smaridge, Nutley, N.J. for: "Describe yourself in three simple, declarative sentences" and "Longing is a great force, but possession emasculates. How do we resolve this?" Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Herbruck, Canton, Ohio for: "Where will it ever end?" and "How old do you think I think you are?" Joseph Jordan, Waldwick, N.J. for: "What is your mother's recipe for mayonnaise?" and "Would you resent being called 'Kafkaesque'?" Carl Kern, Ardmore, Pa. for: "Do you think orphans can be psychoanalyzed?" and "Have you been to the Pribiloffs?" Helen Masson Copeland, Charlotte, N.C. for: "Why do you suppose they sat us together?" Thomas Dietrich, San Mateo, California for: "Do you support the findings of the Ecumenical Council?" Jane T. Gaede MD, Durham, N.C. for: "London from the air looks kind of liver-shaped, doesn't it?" and "Have you ever thought about falling pyramids?" Jean F. Wynn, Detroit, Mich. for: "How many people do you know?" and "Describe the taste of water." Ruth T. Wilcoxson, Maplewood, N.J. for: "Are you for or against anything?" and "Are you traveling incommunicado?" Teresa Crestetto, Pittsburgh, Pa. for: "Does a woman sag with age or get more pliable?" and "Why can't we cultivate crabgrass?" Henry H. Doering III, Denver, Col. for: "Do chickens have lips?" Donna Tourtellotte, Coral Gables, Fla. for: "Are horses smarter than pigs?" and "Is the *New York Times* an underground newspaper?" Robert and Cecilia Brook, Middletown, Conn. for: "Is it true that you are related to the hereditary King of Bohemia?" and "Did you ever play 'Oh Promise Me' on the drums?" And to Jeanne M. Murray, Pompton Plains, N.J. who asks: "Is plastic here to stay?"

Oh, yes—there will most definitely be more Delectations Competitions.

AFTER-DINNER fun and games. Now that things have started going, keep them going with these true-and-tried pastimes:

1) *Russian Sledges.* Everybody writes down the same list of a dozen common friends, including present people. Then each of us imagines himself crossing the Siberian steppes with all of them in a sledge pursued by packs of hungry wolves, and has to throw them out, one by one. You have to decide who to throw out first, next and so on, and number the names on the list accordingly, in the order in which you would throw out your friends to be torn into pieces. You may not throw yourself out. The game provides useful statistics, for all the marks given to each person are added up afterwards. The person who gets the fewest, is of course, the least popular of our friends.

2) *Qualities or the New Confessions.* Each player first assesses himself and then the other players on the qualities below. Full marks are twenty for each. The qualities are: beauty, brains, charm, taste, discretion, tolerance, willpower, sense of humor, moral sense, sensibility, sensuousness, tact, sincerity, humility. Of course it is possible to add to these qualities or change them according to the occasion. The results are invariably interesting. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An All-Out Temperament

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Odyssey of a Liberal: Memoirs
By Freda Utley
National Press Inc., 319 pp., $10.00

Freda Utley, according to Pearl Buck, had the misfortune to have "a brilliant mind, rigorously truthful in its working, though born unhappily in the body of a woman." This judgment may have some value, but it doesn't quite get at the source of the interior conflict that has dogged a remarkable character ever since her days at one of those expensive old-time English boarding schools where the social code frowned on "brainy" accomplishments. The fact is that Freda Utley's running battle with the four or five Establishments under which she was doomed to live in various parts of the world had little to do with her sex. She was fortunate in her loving parents; and her marriage to Arcadi Berdischevsky, a non-party employee of the Soviet Promexport, or foreign sales organization, in Moscow, was something of an idyll even in the midst of hardship. She has also been fortunate in her son, Jon, a most successful businessman. Her troubles have all derived from a continually renewed clash between an all-out temperament and the tentative mind of the scientist who insists that judgments must be held lightly lest one be locked into hypotheses long after they have failed to meet the tests of experience.

It was the all-out temperament that sent Freda Utley into the Communist Party after the fiasco of the 1926 General Strike in Britain. But once Freda had lived for a while in Moscow, her mind told her that socialism was, in practice, a horribly antisocial thing. By this time she was trapped; though she had kept her British passport, and had her son conveniently listed on it, she had to keep quiet about her real feelings lest she compromise her husband. In the end the NKVD moved in on Arcadi Berdischevsky anyway, probably because he had jested once too often about the quality of life in Russia.

Arcadi's disappearance into the deep night of Stalin's work camps sealed Freda's lips for many months, for she remained hopeful for a long time that she might save her husband if she refrained from criticizing the Bolsheviks. When she did come to write about her disillusionment with Soviet Russia, in *The Dream We Lost*, Freda had the bad luck to confront New York reviewerdom at the tag end of the period which Eugene Lyons has so trenchantly anatomized in *The Red Decade*.

From the standpoint of a cynical worldliness, Freda has always had a positive genius for mistiming her moves. She was a premature anti-Communist, a premature enemy of the Roosevelt-Churchill policy of forcing unconditional surrender on Germany, a premature enemy of the Morgenthau Plan for dismantling German industry, a premature critic of American China policy. Unlike her friend William Henry Chamberlin, she never troubled herself to be urbane about her differences with the zeitgeist. Consequently she always had a hard time supporting her mother, her son, and such occasional hangers-on as her stepson Sasha, who imposed on her unmercifully. The world doesn't pay good money to Cassandras.

THIS BALD OUTLINE of Freda Utley's failure to achieve a harmonious relationship with various British, Russian, Chinese and American Establishments does no justice whatsoever to the zest of a most courageous character. Freda Utley may not know it, but she has had a positively pleasurable success in draining every cup that has come her way. She will never go to that particular part of the Inferno that is reserved for the lukewarm. And she has had the remarkable experience of having been Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one and the same person.

Biographically, the big set piece in Freda's book is the stormy chronicle of her frequently interrupted friendship with Bertrand Russell. Other portraits are unforgettable, notably the one that takes Bernard Shaw apart. And Freda's story of her brother, Temple Utley, who died in the South Seas, is a tender tribute to another temperamental all-outer who also had a brain.

Though her portraits are just for the most part, Freda Utley is not consistent in her ability to forgive. She makes excuses for Bertrand Russell's latter-day tergiversations about Communism, and she finds much to admire in the emotional fount of Agnes Smedley's totally mistaken conviction that the Revolution must someday be justified in spite of the barbarities of revolutionaries. She goes easy on herself for her early mistakes about Leninism, her short-sighted 1939 statement that the Chinese Communist Party aimed at reforms "along capitalist and democratic lines," and her inability to make up her mind about John Paton Davies. But when she was helping Al Wedemeyer with his book, *Wedemeyer Reports*, she found it very wicked of the General when he insisted that the ideas in his chapters on China must be his own and not those of any "ghost." And when Anne Lindbergh deserted political commentary to concentrate on the personal essay style of *Gift From the Sea*, which represents Anne's true genius, Freda criticized it as "escapism." She did not, however, make the same charge against her brother Temple when he sought his own gift from the sea by sailing from Cornwall to the Marquesas.

It's the all-outer in Freda that insists that others be concerned almost exclusively with the politics that are preoccupying her at the moment. Yet some of the most endearing pages in her book are about non-political interludes, such as her childhood in Swiss schools,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her sailing trip with her brother, and her vacations at Martha's Vineyard and on Cape Cod in the Forties.

Freda Utley's double standard of forgiveness is only a minor blot on her book. If she had been other than she is, she would never have gone into hell to return with such a searing documentary as *The Dream We Lost*. And she would never have had the life that has resulted in the rich pages of her *Odyssey of a Liberal* (meaning, of course, a liberal in the old-fashioned sense). □

FICTION

In Transit
By Brigid Brophy — *Putnam, $5.95*

Westward to Laughter
By Colin MacInnes — *Farrar, $5.95*

Fire From Heaven
By Mary Renault — *Pantheon, $7.95*

CONFUSIONS AND CLARITIES

GUY DAVENPORT

Brigid Brophy has gone to the trouble to type out her groggy novel, some glassy-eyed typesetter has cast it in lead, a luckless proofreader and various wretches in the hire of publishers have had to read it, a cold postman has brought it to my door, and who am I, who have sung out the deflections and quadrants for eight-inch howitzers standing in frozen muck for bitter hours on end, to flinch from trying to review it? What requires so much courage is the puns. *Videlicet*, "did Arthur have knight thoughts," "the well-known Irish-German writer, Thomas Mahon," "I took a table in the coffee and ordered a café." Thus spiked with paronomasia, the prose of this confusing novel has yet other miseries to offer. For instance, it is not at all clear just what's going on by way of action (the setting throughout seems to be an airport), and there is the old game of disguising the sex of the narrator, generating salacities every other line.

Part of the novel's confusion is that it is set forth in the experimental mode, which is tiring and eventually boring. And part seems to be the worst face of the Gaelic talent for telling a story sideways, upsidedown and honeycombed with interruptions and digressions. And part can be blamed on the Gaelic horror of sex, a phobia compounded of shyness and disbelief. But I give the novel every generous benefit of all my doubts, for it may reward a more patient mind, and may have a plot which several accomplished readers can find. All readers who are allergic to idle puns and who have better things to occupy their minds than guessing the gender of protagonists, and who resent being teased, are sternly warned away.

MR. COLIN MACINNES' *Westward to Laughter* sports every excellence that Miss Brophy's novel lacks. It is clear and precise, its plot is rapid, and its characters are as lively as if they'd just hopped from the pages of *Candide*. Voltaire's picaresque masterpiece, indeed, would seem to be the model for the capers cut by Mr. MacInnes' hero, a Scots lad named Alexander Nairn, who goes to sea to make his fortune, lands among slavers, escapes into the arms of a retired pirate, is sold into slavery, flees to yet another pirate, and ends up on the gallows. In between, he sees a parade of folly and wickedness as damning as any in Swift or Fielding.

Mr. MacInnes has a genius for depicting the West Indian Negro, catching his speech rhythms perfectly and displaying his slyness, outrageous wit and glorious invective to a turn. Listen to Woad, a slave, explaining the sociology of the West Indies to the hero:

> "Well, this is complicate," said Woad, "by several factor; but I could put it so. On the island is five chief category of man and woman. First come the Planter: he white, he rich, he drunk, he fornicator: is all, really, you can say about the Planter. Then come the Warrior material: like navy, army, officers and troop: they white, they drunk, they fornicator, but they poor, so they take bribe. Also of course cruel, as they paid to be. Then come Poor Trash: some free, some indenture, some slave like we, but not of course like we. They white, drunk, fornicator, simply evil. Then come black slaves—two classes: labor slave, out in the sugar cane, livin' miseries; and like me, skill slave, which is really the people, as you see, who run island."

It is of such alarming simplicity that Mr. MacInnes has made his novel. Like Voltaire, he describes injustice in a calm voice, never offering a word of disapproval, or so much as raising an eyebrow. This unruffled tidiness of narration makes its way through rapes, mayhem, torture and every degree of inhumanity, until his satiric voice has penetrated to the bone with its feigned indifference.

Mr. MacInnes is a superb satirist and a novelist of great talent. If his novels are thus far on the derivative side (*Westward to Laughter* is a nutshell version of *The Sotweed Factor*) that is no matter, as neither his manner nor his style is derivative. And for comic liveliness there are few novelists who can get anywhere near him.

MARY RENAULT'S *Fire from Heaven*, a novel about the growing up of Alexander the Great, continues her brilliant series of tales about ancient Greece. As in her other books, her goodness grows from the way in which she can imagine the everyday life of a people so distant in time and culture. Right off, we meet the fact that snakes were daimons and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ Where's Soapy? Heavy with book in Darkest Africa—Still! It's called *Africa for the Africans* (Eerdmans, $5.95), and will be out this month, in case anyone is considering sending Kwame Nkrumah a Care package. . . . Also from Foggy Bottom, 1970's first major contribution to Wretched Excess, yet another *apologia pro vita sua* from the pen of Chip Bohlen, *The Transformation of American Foreign Policy* (Norton). . . . Woody Kline, former resident sycophant at Gracie Mansion, has written *Lindsay's Promise*, an expurgated account of the man and the legend that will surface at Macmillan for $6.95 on April 1.

■ An important conservative book from Britain, *Roads to Freedom: Essays in Honor of Friedrich von Hayek* (edited by Erich Streissler, Routledge, 80 shillings), has just come out. More than a mere *Fest-schrift*, the book is a collection of important essays by distinguished European and American scholars, several of which are major contributions in their own right, all of which serve to personify the fundamental philosophy of one of Europe's greatest libertarian thinkers. Among those contributing are Jacques Rueff, Gordon Tullock, Fritz Machlup, Peter Bauer, Gottfried Haberler and Sir Karl Popper. Professor Streissler's resuscitation of Hayek's early theoretical work, ignored for so long by both liberals and conservatives, may stimulate readers to go beyond *The Road to Serfdom* and *The Constitution of Liberty* and delve into some of the master's more pithy writings.

■ The zeitgeist goes left: see Hannah Arendt's *On Violence* (Harcourt $4.75). . . . And speaking of axiom-grinders, Michael—"I am Curious (Catholic)"—Novak, has finally gotten around to writing a novel about the new swinging Catholicism, for which he has so long been a major spokesman: *Svoboda* (which means freedom) to be published by Macmillan in March for $5.95. . . . Also from Macmillan, *Explorations in Freedom*, a collection of prose, poetry and narrative from the Polish émigré review *Kultura*, long the major recipient of smuggled manuscripts from behind the Iron Curtain. . . . A splendid old book in a new English translation, Alexis de Tocqueville's *Recollections* (Doubleday $7.95). One of the few musts for *NR* readers. . . . An important blast at the youth-cult sickness being touted by several important conservative thinkers as this year's sleeper, John W. Aldridge's *In the Country of the Young* (Harper, $5). . . . Launched last year with great fanfare *The Marshall McLuhan Dew-Line Newsletter* is going out of business after only seven issues.

■ Receiving much publicity in pro-Arab circles in France, *Pour les Fidayine* (Editions de Minuit, 9 fr.), by the Algerian lawyer Jacques Verges. . . . Also of interest from France is *Les conferences de presse du General de Gaulle* (Presses Universitaires de France, 15 fr.) by J.-C. Maitret and J.-D. Sicault. A fascinating study of what happened to the French constitution under de Gaulle, and how that master of public relations manipulated the media during his Presidency. Read this book and toss away the works of the turgid Canadian English professor.

gods and lived in houses and even slept in the bed with people. Rites, food, costume, weather—all is as real as if Sir Walter Scott himself were at the typewriter.

Miss Renault's portrait of the young Alexander does not differ a great deal from her other Greek heroes, and this is a pity, as readers who have followed her work are apt to feel a sameness creeping in. One is also apt to begin to question the ideal love affair which has become so standard in her novels as to take on the appearance of the stock love story that had to be worked into the Victorian novel. And I, for one, am not convinced of the historical accuracy of it.

Miss Renault says in a note that ancient Greeks were bisexual. Well, they were and they weren't. They recognized two kinds of love between men: one was a military comradeship which seemed to have a strict code of decency hedging it in; the other was the avuncular love of a mentor, usually a teacher or wrestling coach, for an adolescent. Neither of these was merely carnal or "romantic"—we might even clear the air and chalk them up as friendship, with a coloring of romantic giddiness. Pathological inversion, if we may believe Plato and Aristophanes, fared rather badly in the Greek sense of things. The psychological opacity with which Miss Renault struggles bravely is the tone of romance in these affairs. It may be that she reads too much modernity into ancient sensibilities, and helplessly creates a twentieth-century version of Greece as quaint in its way as Shakespeare and Chaucer putting Greeks into medieval armor.

Even so, this is a fine novel. Alexander was a myth in his own lifetime, and if he seems too god-like to be believed, that is inherent in the matter. □

The Counter-Revolution
By Thomas Molnar
Funk & Wagnalls, $8.95

ATHENA'S BAT

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Hegel remarked that "the owl of Athena takes its flight at twilight," by which he meant that the insight of reason and analysis is at its most powerful in those final stages of an idea's or an institution's development when the disparate lines of historical process converge and at last, from the perspective of the end, the meaning of the whole becomes clear. But owls are not the only creatures of twilight, and at the end of any historical development every belfry is apt to empty itself of its unpleasant contents. It does seem, on such occasions, that nature has gone to a great deal of trouble in order to get rid of a few insects by developing the bat.

NOT EVERY IDEA expressed in times of crisis is to be welcomed as an expression of the penetrating light of the Spirit and certainly not the pessimistic and decadent ideas most recently expressed in Thomas Molnar's *The Counter-Revolution*. Thomas Molnar is an admirable critic of revolutions. No one has written more perceptively of the sources of revolutionary nihilism in our age. But although he can diagnose the disease, the remedy he offers is as wasting and corrupting as the disease itself.

No one will dispute that we live at the end of a great revolutionary epoch. What the exact nature of that revolution is and whether or not that revolution triumphs completely over traditional forms and traditional values remains to be seen. It is important to point out, however, that the essence of the revolution is not change or even the transformation of institutions. Institutional change and the ceaseless transformation and renewal of all forms is the essence of life itself. The revolutionary element in the past three centuries has consisted in the rejection of the values out of which present forms have developed and the destruction of traditions and institutions wantonly when these forms still serve not only a legitimate but an essential purpose. It has, for example, always seemed odd to me that liberals who show such great concern for man's natural environment are so willing to sacrifice the cultural environment which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has developed with no less consequence for man and will perish with no less loss to humanity.

In his detestation of this revolution Molnar is correct. But he seeks to exorcize it by anthologizing the most inane passages from Maurras and Salazar and idolizing Franco and Mussolini. He would like to see a restoration of "the monarchy" and failing that, the installation of a "temporary substitute"; the abolition of democracy and party government and the restoration of "national unity"; the rejection of capitalism and the institution of the corporate state. Nineteenth-century liberalism is, for him, a kissing-cousin of Marxism.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine a program, short of Maoism, less in touch with the realities of the seventh decade of the twentieth century. Not even George Wallace talks such rubbish. And George Wallace does not talk that kind of rubbish probably because he was spared the advantages of a European education. Could anyone seriously suggest George Wallace as a temporary substitute for monarch? And if not Wallace are we to fall back on Teddy Kennedy? One of the troubles with small "f" fascism is that it is so petty, so completely the product of failed classes, failed ideas, failed intellectuals, failed nerves. On the American scene, thank God, such failures are mostly failures of the Left.

My most serious criticism, then, of Molnar's ideas is that, like the silly ideas of the Left, they are essentially European, the product of a European experience and the manifestations of European aberrations. By what leap of the imagination can an American, given the experience of the traditions of American culture and politics, and given the success of American institutions, take the ideological formulations of either Communism or fascism seriously? They are quite simply inappropriate.

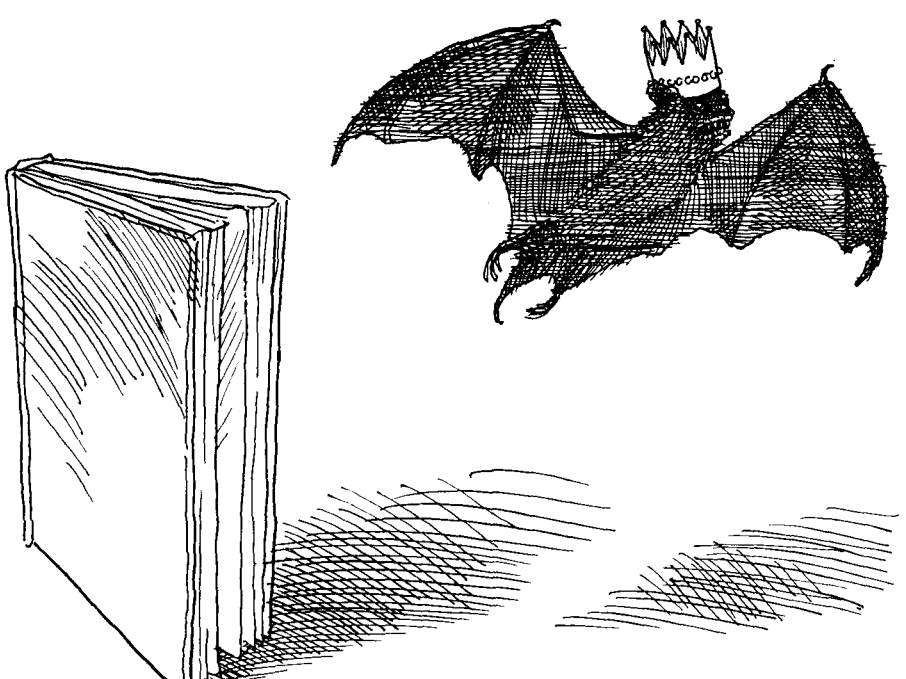
There are confusions in Molnar's thesis beyond its inappropriateness. In the first instance all change seems to Molnar to be "revolutionary." For this reason it is difficult for him to determine just what "revolution" is. In the course of the past five hundred years Western society has undergone a major transformation. That transformation has come, at least in substantial measure, because of, rather than as a revolt against, our spiritual essence. I applaud and affirm that transformation. It has not abolished sin, exploitation or alienation, and I don't expect it or any other system to do so. It has, however, increasingly enabled men to unfold their potentialities and to claim their full humanity. If one of these claims to a full humanity is the right of democratic self-determination (as I believe it is), then I applaud that too, and I for one will not rest content until all men are able to choose the governments under which they spend their lives.

AND I APPLAUD rationality, the increasing mastery of the environment, growing equality of opportunity and the alleviation of poverty and the amelioration of misfortune. That one of the costs of living in such a world is the absence of kings seems to me a rather minor sacrifice. The changes which have occurred in our world in the past two centuries are changes on a scale unknown among men since the Neolithic revolution, which resulted from the domestication of plants, the development of urban cultures and the coming of the new religions. That culture and institutions will change, must change as a result, goes without saying —unless you are Thomas Molnar and believe that Dr. Salazar and Benito Mussolini can stay that change which I regard as a happy inevitability. To these possibilities, which I remind you our spiritual heritage has opened up to us, I give an enthusiastic affirmation. Kings and one-party states are not a part of my heritage and by the grace of God my children will despise them as much as I do.

But doubtless Molnar would be correct in pointing out that these increased potentialities for human fulfillment present man with vast possibilities for dehumanization and spiritual and material bankruptcy. When, we might ask, has increased power ever meant anything else? But the way to meet this threat is not through some form of benevolent authoritarianism. The way to overcome revolution is not through counterrevolution but through restoration.

I believe that there is considerable evidence for arguing that the period in American history from 1932 to the present was a revolutionary one in which not only were the forms of American society challenged, but its values defied and derided and its institutions pried loose from their matrix of tradition. That great liberal-left revolution is coming to an end. The Nixon Administration is conservative-restorationist in its inspiration, in the electorate which put it into office and in the widespread tacit enthusiasm with which it is received even by those who did not vote it into office.

These popular expectations which are now so widely shared by the American citizenry are not counterrevolutionary so much as they are antirevolutionary. They do not wish to unmake one revolution by making another. They seek quite simply to have done with revolution. They desire the restoration, not of the old order or of the old institutions, but of the old values. And they want to see new institutional forms answering to those old and hallowed values replace the institutions swept away by the revolution. The real task which lies before us it not counterrevolutionary but restorationist-constructive. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ronnie and Jesse: A Political Odyssey
By Lou Cannon *Doubleday, $7.95*

REAGAN IN THE POLITICAL EQUATION

JEFFREY HART

This is the first detailed and responsible study of Ronald Reagan's career to appear in print, and this in itself is a fact of considerable political significance. At the same time, you will notice, *Harper's* did a hatchet job on Reagan in its December issue; and Reagan will be getting more and more space in the media, for he is a factor of prime importance in the current political equation. He is the governor of our largest and most diverse state (only five nations in the world have a larger gross product than California), a state which is crucial to the 1972 national Republican ticket. And just as the Reagan quasi-candidacy was determinative for Republican politics prior to Miami, so the existence of Reagan forecloses any leftward options the national Administration might entertain. In 1970 Reagan undoubtedly will obliterate the hapless Jesse Unruh. (Naturally, the theme of the *Harper's* article is that Reagan is *unreal.*)

LOU CANNON TRACES Reagan's career from his Depression boyhood in Illinois through his radio, motion picture and TV careers, and on into his governorship. Cannon is careful and critical; he has political insight; and though my judgment on one or another point would differ sharply from his, I consider his book invaluable. One thing that strikes everyone about Reagan is his ease, his facility. Cannon shows that such ease has been very much an earned achievement, the result, really, of seriousness—of a quick, acute intelligence assiduously applied. One reason Reagan made so many "B" pictures is that he had mastered the technique of motion picture acting: he could get the job done in a fraction of the time another less technically accomplished actor might require. And yet, as Cannon shows, and contrary to the common view now, Reagan could hold his own with the best actors and actresses of his time; his technical mastery was touched by art.

As anyone knows who has seen him in action during the past four years, Ronald Reagan is one of our great national resources. To begin with, he is our most eloquent political leader since Franklin Roosevelt; and the comparison here can be pushed further: Reagan's mastery of television is analogous to Roosevelt's mastery of radio.

THERE IS A SECOND FACT of the highest importance. Reagan, perhaps because he *is* an artist, grasps a fact which has long eluded American conservative political figures: the root conservative appeal, Hoover and Taft to the contrary notwithstanding, is not to economics, important though that is, but to something much less rational and much more powerful—to the beliefs and assumptions underlying a "way of life." The conservative appeal is to moral conviction and to the idea of the nation. As Irving Kristol shrewdly pointed out recently: "Though many people usually think of liberalism as 'idealistic' and conservatism as 'materialistic,' the reverse is more nearly true. Conservatism cannot take honest root in a situation where the criteria of success or failure are ruthlessly materialistic."

The conservative transcends group and interest with an appeal that is national and ultimately disinterested. As Lou Cannon observes of Reagan, he "appeals directly to the people, and more; he appeals to them not as a candidate but as a leader inculcating the virtues of the Founders." The *virtues*: not only the moral virtues, but *virtu* in the Roman sense, the strength to face fundamental issues. Thus a Reagan speech is likely to strike a note applicable not only to the United States generally, but to Prague, the Mekong Delta, Berkeley and any faculty meeting:

> We stand here on the only island of freedom that is left in the whole world. There is no place to flee to . . . no place to escape to. We defend freedom here or it is gone. There is no place for us to run, only to make a stand. And if we fail, I think we face telling our children, and our children's children, what it was we found more precious than freedom. Because I am sure that someday—if we fail in this—there will be a generation that will ask.

Now literally taken, the United States is not "the only island of freedom that is left in the whole world." Nonetheless, the formulation is metaphorically true: if the United States goes the rest will go too, and the remainder of the passage explicates the "island" metaphor. There is indeed no place to "escape to"—the thing must be faced: and deep below the surface of this rhetoric is the reassurance that it *will* be faced, that, if necessary, the order prerequisite to freedom will be maintained by force; for if we fail "it is gone."

Reagan's presence is so captivating that there is a sense in which it is also a liability. If Franklin Roosevelt had entered upon his Presidency as an unknown quantity, if he had not served for a considerable spell and become widely known as governor of New York, and had established himself via radio in the public imagination, he would have been hard put to demonstrate that he was not *only* that splendid voice, a sort of aristocratic Ted Husing. Even so with Reagan.

YET HIS ACHIEVEMENTS as a working politician have been startling. He has rebuilt the California Republican Party, which he found in shambles. He has regained a Republican majority in the state legislature, in the process removing from the powerful speakership a man who had become synonymous with a kind of Florentine mastery of practical politics, Jesse Unruh. (Out of power, Unruh has suddenly become an abstract liberal.) Reagan inherited a fiscal disaster from Pat Brown, but the budget is back under control, and the taxpayers have—*mirabile dictu!*—even received a substantial rebate. A series of hack-liberal administrators had allowed a number of California campuses to sink into anarchy; Reagan means it when he says "obey the rules, or get out"; and his firmness was instrumental in saving the day at San Francisco State. He now has a sympathetic majority on the Board of Regents, and—who can tell?—he may even be able to clean out the Augean stables at Berkeley.

All across the board, even in such areas as conservation and mental health care, where he has been most sharply attacked, Reagan's performance has been excellent. Everyone knows, or thinks he knows, that Reagan doesn't care about redwoods; but the Redwood Park area will be large enough and then some. Reagan's approach to California's water problem, as Cannon shows, may be the most important conservation breakthrough in this country. California mental health care (Reagan was vilified as desiring snakepits) has a) moved into the twentieth century through a sophisticated concept of decentralization, and b) introduced striking economies. As the liberal journalists say, Reagan isn't real, he is an illusion; and they hope that if they say it often enough he will just go away. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILM CHRONICLE

1969

RICHARD CORLISS

Cursèd are the Listmakers, for they toil not to define all that is ineffable in Art and Life, but to compile and computerize it. Doom is inevitable in these projects. But despite that (and despite the fact, which any *Time* researcher could verify, that the present decade still has one year to run), Listmakers at the fashionable newspapers and magazines, including this one, have been working overtime to summarize—in ten convenient gradations—the Biggest, the Baddest, the Best and especially the Most Relevant Event of the Sexy Sixties. Your Faithful Chronicler, somewhat chagrined that Film 1969 didn't exactly fulfill the promise of an impressive decade, but still not wishing to be caught Listless, has been busy on a catalogue of his own. Herewith (small fanfare, please) the cream of some five hundred films seen for the first time last year—in theaters, on TV, at festivals and museums, and in film clubs—as well as the Top of the Sixties.

Ten Favorite Films
Seen By Y.F.C. in 1969
(all American):

Merry-Go-Round (Rupert Julian, '22)
College (Buster Keaton, '27)
The Patsy (Marion Davies, '28)
Tabu (F. W. Murnau, '31)
The Old Dark House (James Whale, '32)
His Girl Friday (Howard Hawks, '40)
The Lady Eve (Preston Sturges, '41)
White Heat (Raoul Walsh, '49)
The Searchers (John Ford, '56)
Planet of the Apes (Franklin Schaffner, '68)

Ten Favorite Films of the 1960s

Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock, '60)
Shoot the Piano Player (François Truffaut, '60)
The Manchurian Candidate (John Frankenheimer, '62)
8½ (Federico Fellini, '63)
Male Companion (Philippe De Broca, '64)
Tokyo Olympiad (Kon Ichikawa, '65)
Falstaff (Orson Welles, '66)
Arabesque (Stanley Donen, '66)
Persona (Ingmar Bergman, '66)

Blow-Up (Michelangelo Antonioni, '66)

Finally, as a distinctive anticlimax, in general order of preference, and without further apology:

Ten Favorite Films of 1969:

1. *Midnight Cowboy*
2. *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*
3. *The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom*
4. *The Immortal Story*
5. *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*
6. *Topaz*
7. *Devil by the Tail*
8. *The Wild Bunch*
9. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*
10. *Hot Spur*

Four of these films—Eric Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, Joseph McGrath's *The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom*, Philippe De Broca's *Devil by the Tail*, and R. L. Frost's *Hot Spur*—have been considered in these pages earlier. The first three exemplify the rapidly vanishing art of graceful comedy, an art that is too little considered because it is so difficult to analyze. For whatever reason, these lovely films have been ignored by the public; two were outright commercial flops, and *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, after a triumph at the New York Film Festival, was not even released in 1969. *Hot Spur* is even more trouble to find: because of its Full Frontal Nudity it plays only in those scrofulous cinemas known as sexploitation houses. FFN aside, *Hot Spur* offered the pleasantest surprise of the film year, a Western revenge story more dynamic than *True Grit*, less equivocating in its brutality than *The Wild Bunch*, far pithier in its delineation of abnormal characters than *Easy Rider* and, for what it's worth, sexier than *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. And all in an hour.

Midnight Cowboy, despite its rough language, tawdry situations and X rating that made some people cite it with *Easy Rider*, *Alice's Restaurant* and *Medium Cool* as an example of Revolutionary American Cinema, is really much more traditional, romantic and, finally, successful. Whereas the other three films were based on generalized social ideas and presumptions, *Midnight Cowboy* finds its vitality in the characters it so sympathetically examines. Compared to Dustin Hoffman's conman Ratso and Jon Voight's lost innocent Joe Buck, the Easy Riders are empty, Alice and Ray are hysterical, and the *Medium Cool* duo are aimless. Hoffman and Voight are so immensely likable, in spite of their grimy milieu and the attraction they have for it, that each slob is somehow sanctified, and every cruddy 42nd Street crowd has a silver lining. Director John Schlesinger guides his camera nearly as well as he does his actors, and veteran scenarist Waldo Salt provides a warm and witty script. But the film belongs to Hoffman and Voight, and to the characters they have made live. If Oscar had a twin brother, come award time Hoffman and Voight could get the credit they deserve.

THE IMMORTAL STORY is as sublimely melancholy a film as one would want to imagine: intrinsically, as a simple and subtle tale of the tenacious vanity and consequently bitter lessons of old age, and extrinsically, as the twilight testament of Hollywood's prodigious prodigal son, Orson Welles. Welles too often bubbled over with the (profligate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lava of genius that cracked the beer mug of the American movie industry. His greatness—largeness, if you will—long ago expelled him from a community of smaller men, and even today, in a Hollywood that finances the works of European novices, TV hacks and college students, Welles is conveniently and tragically ignored. *The Immortal Story* comments obliquely on this and, less egotistically, on the imminence of death as seen by an actor-director whose first screen word, uttered when he was twenty-five, was the last word of a dying old man: "Rosebud," from *Citizen Kane*.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? is a triumph of power over precision and pretensions. This thirty-years-too-late adaptation of Horace McCoy's 1935 novel is superb when it simply visualizes what was essentially a screenplay to begin with. It brings to pungent celluloid life a lineup of Depression-era losers—people so foolish they hoped for something, for movie stardom, or some money, or just for somebody to pull the trigger. The dance-marathon nightmare collapses into a dilly-Dali dream when director Sydney Pollack inflicts his mannered presence on a spare story, gelding *Horses* with the stylistic curlicues of a Sixties sensibility. Most of the time, though, Pollack is wise and talented enough (like John Schlesinger in *Midnight Cowboy*) to elicit heart-breaking performances from Jane Fonda, Susannah York, Gig Young, Michael Sarrazin, Bonnie Bedelia and Red Buttons. When it is good, *Horses* recalls the force of such Thirties *films noirs* as *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *Of Mice and Men*: at its best, it sets off special, knock-you-over vibrations all its own.

Topaz is Alfred Hitchcock's remarkable adaptation of Leon Uris' startling but dramatically clumsy non-fiction novel. Hitchcock and his scenarist Samuel Taylor have refined and enriched the book's characters to the point where they cease being outlets for Uris anti-Gaullism and take their own complex political and sexual identities. Around the unfortunately vacant, wooden core of Frederick Stafford's French secret agent pirouettes a fascinating company of diplomats, spies and *femmes fatales*, among whom an imperious Russian defector (Per-Axel Arosenius), a pixieish Haitian infiltrator (Roscoe Lee Browne), a manic, nearly tragic Castroite (John Vernon), a fierce and heroic anti-Castroite (Karin Dor), a suave French politician (Michael Piccoli) and a nervous NATO official (Philippe Noiret) are especially nimble.

It should be added that *Topaz* is superior to *Z*, the highly-praised French film about a lower-level government scandal, because *Z* ignores political ambiguity for the simplified power of propaganda, and sacrifices human nuance to the thrust of a Perry Mason-like investigation that gathers momentum only in the latter half of the film. Once *Z*'s limitations are noted, the viewer can put his social conscience to sleep, awaken the Saturday-matinee child in himself, and become enthralled by director Costa-Gavras' relentless pace and the agility of a large cast of actors who have provided the semi-anonymous spark for so many French films of the Fifties and Sixties that the viewer wants both to identify with them and, simply, to identify them. Hitchcock's edict—"the stronger the evil, the stronger the film"—applies to *Z*: the bad guys (the fascists) are not only half-wits and perverts, but they look swarthily Sicilian to boot, so the viewer's innate Aryan idealism rejoices that they are brought to justice by the all-but-spotless, Northern European good guys (the pacifists). Hitchcock has also said, "My love for cinema is stronger than any morality," and *Topaz* involves us in more than the questionably maneuvered mechanics of a good spy chase, though it has that, too. It implicates us in actions not so easily justified, in lives not so self-righteous, in a film not so immediately accessible.

The Wild Bunch (Sam Peckinpah) and *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (Peter Hunt) are two very different adventure movies—one ponderous, the other almost weightless—that lodge in the memory, and the stomach, because of their spectacularly exciting action sequences, which should promptly be stored in the Museum of Modern Art's Film Archives as textbook examples of creating thrills and tension through editing. The opening and closing gunfights in *The Wild Bunch* and the five or six punchups, chases and escapes in *Secret Service* are more than adequate recompense for the lovingly-etched *longueurs* that impede the movement of Peckinpah's bloody Western and the puny small-talk and lethargic exposition of the new James Bond movie.

But both films have other assets. In *The Wild Bunch*, when you tire of the studied pessimism and strained attempts at allegory, you can examine Lucien Ballard's landscapes—it is easily the most attractively photographed film of 1969—and try to find Edmund O'Brien beneath a Gabby Hayes beard and maggoty teeth. The extra fun in *Secret Service* comes from acquiring a taste for George Lazenby, Sean Connery's successor as 007. Lazenby lacks Connery's sexual authority, sophistication and sense of danger—he seems too young, or perhaps too immature, for the part—but it is just this vulnerability, this look of actually being exhausted after a bone-breaking fight, that makes Lazenby work as the vulnerable, love-prone Bond that Ian Fleming created for this installment of the series, and makes the pathetic dénouement as touchingly felt as it is. If Your Faithful Chronicler must be dragged (kicking and screaming, of course) into the Seventies, it may as well be with this image of a sadder, wiser James Bond, the cartoon that cried. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NOTES FROM AFRICA, *by H. S. Aynor (Praeger, 163 pp., $5.95)*. I have read a good deal of material on contemporary Africa, but I have learned more from this slim little book than from most of the rest put together. Mr. Aynor, formerly Israeli ambassador to Senegal and The Gambia and *chargé d'affaires* in Léopoldville, gives, in these notes from his diary, what is missing almost universally in the tendentious and/or scholarly books on Africa that pour from the presses: the feel of the continent in this second decade of European withdrawal. What he tells about is people in their actuality—not theories or ideological presentations or grandiose plans or sociological analyses. A truly useful book which is at the same time absorbing reading. F. S. MEYER

THE PROTRACTED GAME: *A Wei-Ch'i Interpretation of Maoist Revolutionary Strategy, by Scott A. Boorman (Oxford, $7.50)*. Who "lost" China? Maybe the lesser wei-ch'i player. Wei-ch'i, better known as Japanese *go*, is an ancient, highly abstract, extraordinarily subtle two-man game played with 361 white and black stones on a board containing 361 intersections. Players try to extend their control of territory, encircling opponents (capturing hostile stones), marking off spheres of interest. Even more complex than chess, wei-ch'i is a non-zero sum game in which victory and defeat are relative phenomena. Terms like "economy," "harmony," "dialectic of discontinuous connections," and "mobility" are regularly employed. Boorman describes the game and shows the correspondence between wei-ch'i and guerrilla insurgency of the successful Chinese Communist type,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from 1927 to 1949, and since. "[T]he ultimate Maoist objective was to have every individual simultaneously a stone and a point of territory, filling at once an active and a passive role." Lawrence of Arabia was an unconscious wei-ch'i strategist, Boorman suggests; Mao has quite explicitly drawn analogies between his own tactics and wei-ch'i. A Harvard undergraduate Chinese and mathematics student, Boorman is a son of the distinguished sinologist Howard Boorman, with whom he has published several important papers. His brilliant study is nearly as subtle as wei-ch'i; I've read it three times now and I'm just beginning to understand it. Avoiding simplicisms, Boorman warns us not to expect absolute one-to-one correlations between wei-ch'i theory and modern Chinese practice. He writes that if we would know our Asian Communist enemy we should study wei-ch'i to find a workable counter-insurgency tactic. Who's losing Vietnam? Mr. Boorman leads us to conclude. . . . Read his book; its worth every penny, to chess fiends, *go* novices, anti-Communist theoreticians, China buffs. But please don't give a copy to your local Panther or favorite Weatherman; we've enough grief already. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE BYRDS OF VIRGINIA, *by Alden Hatch (Holt, $10).* The most casual student of American colonial history knows something of the first two William Byrds of Westover; every observer of the recent political scene has remarked on the influence of the late Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Rosemont; and in every youthful catalogue of boy's heroes must stand the name of Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd of the polar explorations. The first Byrd dynasty came to an end through the extravagant living and Tory sympathies of William Byrd III, not to be revived again in the national eye until the twentieth century when the Byrds built a fortune on journalism and apples, as in the seventeenth century they had done on trade and tobacco. Despite Hatch's comprehensive treatment of his fascinating subject, his chatty, essentially anecdotal writing leads him away from interpretative conclusions. What, for instance, led the Byrds to be loyalists when most of their friends supported the colonial cause? Or what was the importance of Senator Byrd Sr. in keeping alive, through the days of the New Deal, the conservative ideas of limited government, local responsibility, and noblesse oblige. Hatch has nothing to say on these points. The weakening, and subsequent collapse, of the Byrd machine following the death of the Senator in 1966 leads Hatch to suggest that liberal reform is finally coming to Virginia. But rather than an end to Virginian conservatism, his death hastened the transfer of conservative power from the Democratic to the Republican Party, as the national Democratic Party moved even farther from the Byrd standard. W. C. DENNIS

LETTERS

(Continued from page 116)

sponsible senior official in or out of the Navy stand up and admit his own dereliction, which in my opinion was fatal to *Pueblo.* Neither have I heard any of the experts give one lucid example of how the job could have been done better, or better still how they would have handled it.

I personally made one hell of a lot of mistakes in areas directly and peripherally connected with the *Pueblo* incident. I have tried to give an account of my stewardship to the Navy and to the public. However, one of the mistakes I did *not* make was public criticism of my subordinates.
Pacific Grove, Calif. CDR. L. M. BUCHER

Censors or Educators?

Having a high regard for both your magazine and also Russell Kirk and his *University Bookman,* it was doubly disappointing to have Mr. Kirk laud Professor Malloy's irrational comment in your December 16 issue. The statement "knowledge is not virtue in the Christian concept of reality" indicates both Malloy (and Kirk who applauds it) would like to be assigned the role of censor, rather than professor or educator.

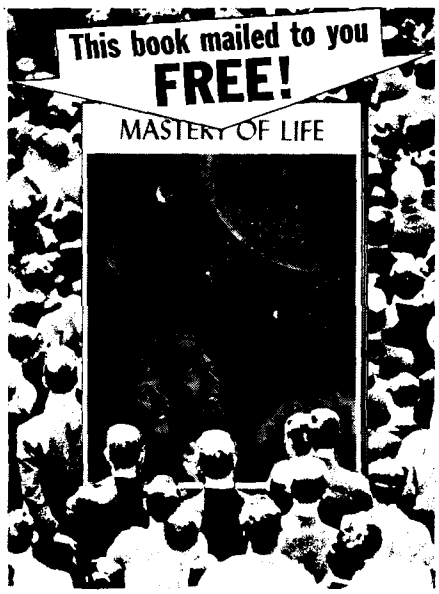
If these two gentlemen were in Russia, I suppose they would substitute "Communistic" for "Christian" and both be happy. As a Christmas present you should give Mr. Kirk a wall plaque with that appropriate slogan, "Don't confuse me with facts, my mind's already made up."
Utopia City, Mich. PARK WEAVER

Slacking Off

In my article on the Synod in Rome [Dec. 16, 1969], my quotation from Hillaire Belloc, "The Devil is not as slack as he is painted" appeared as "the devil is not as black as he is painted." My wife's comment was, "If you must type your own articles, let this be a lesson to you not to send them to an editor without my seeing them first." *This* letter is typed by my wife.

I read with great interest Elspeth Huxley's article, "Sniping at Springboks, A New British Game," [same issue] but "British" in this context conveys a false impression. The demonstrations were mainly the work of young people who in some cases traveled long distances not invariably, perhaps, at their own expense. The overwhelming majority of the British had no sympathy with the demonstrations. Characteristic was the comment of a middle-aged friend of mine: "I strongly disapprove of South African apartheid, but we should either exclude both the South Africans *and* the Russians or admit athletes from both countries without protest."
London SIR ARNOLD LUNN

The misprint was the result of slack typing at NR, *not by Sir Arnold.* —ED.



Thousands everywhere acclaim this NEW

PSYCHOLOGY OF LIFE!

Have you unrealized hopes? Are the better things of life always just beyond your reach?

Times have changed — but have you? Adopt a new psychology of life and MASTER YOUR PROBLEMS. It takes no greater effort to *achieve results* when you know how.

Let the Rosicrucians show you how, by the use of simple laws, you can apply the powers of your mind to bring about startling changes in your life. If you are sincere in your desire, write for the free book THE MASTERY OF LIFE. It tells how you may obtain this helpful information. Address: Scribe J.V.Z.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114, U.S.A.

Scribe J.V.Z.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114, U.S.A.
Please send me a complimentary copy of the book "THE MASTERY OF LIFE."
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Wanted

HOTEL-MOTEL EXECUTIVE STRONG ADMINISTRATIVE assistant to hotel owner or chain operator. Experience in all phases of management. Travel or relocate—salary requirement 18 to 22,000. Write NR Box 1230.

EX-ARMY OFFICER, 26 years old, B.A., seeks rewarding, challenging position. Write NR Box 0210.

Employment Opportunities

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing Government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 193SF, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

NATIONAL REVIEW's Circulation Department needs a dedicated, full-time clerical worker for its accounting section. Some exprience preferred. Please call 679-7330, ext. 854.

COPYWRITER/PRODUCTION PRO. Expanding Washington, D.C. firm needs a young, hard-working, informed conservative to help service its political fundraising and magazine accounts. Position offers good salary, opportunity and challenging work. Write NR Box 1216.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. 1970 government information and forms $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, California 90803.

Literary

TO BRING THE JUDGEMENT—by Paul K. Roberts. YOU face the Resurrection and the Judgment. NOW!—The science of a hundred unforgiving future generations, whose heritage YOU have already helped embezzle. They'll drag you out of your cozy grave, and make you pay—and PAY—and PAY! Please be more careful: YOU HAVE NOW BEEN WARNED!—$4.95 plus postage from: VANTAGE PRESS, 120 West 31st Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

GUIDE TO THE AMERICAN LEFT. Current. Comprehensive. Directory and Bibliography. 2,400 listinas, $3.00. GUIDE, Box 1832-E, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

SOCK THE UNDERGROUND ESTABLISHMENT with "Negotiations: An Amoral Morality"—the new play by Richard O'Connell. Scripts available. Write NR Box 0215.

Sales

COMPUTERS/PERIPHERALS bought and sold. CAC sells second and third generation computers and punched card equipment—all under manufacturer's maintenance. CAC also pays cash for used equipment. Try our brokerage listing network, too. Computer Acquisitions Company, P. O. Box 29185, Atlanta, Ga. 30329, (404) 458-4425.

FREE 40-PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NW, New York, New York 10023.

HONORARY DOCTORATES for sale. Absolutely phony. Nevertheless impressive. Large ornate baroque diploma, your name imprinted, gold seal, cheap frame, only $10 postpaid. Millard Fillmore Institute, Box 612-B, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

CONSERVATIVE? You can even be flamboyant! Save time, money on any decorating problem. Ben Rapaport, A.I.D. Write Box 249 Sea Cliff, N. Y. 11579.

TASTEFUL, CONSERVATIVE, but elegant china for sale, Woodmere By Castleton. Twelve each: dinner plates, salad/dessert plates, bread and butters. Fourteen each: cups and saucers. Five each: soup bowls with accompanying plates. Never used; mint condition. Contact Box 771, Wise, Virginia 24293, or call 703-328-6859.

WATCHBAND CALENDARS. 1970 sets. $1.00. Valmar, Box 705-R, Glen Alpine, North Carolina 28628.

Investments

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and trouble-free brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 19 Rector St., N.Y., N.Y. 10006. 212-422-0700. Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

A UNIQUE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY, tailormade for the conservative. One of the finest, new professional ventures in America today, offering unexcelled personal growth, top income potential and an opportunity to promote grass-roots individualism. Investigate without obligation whatever. Write NR Box 1217.

Real Estate

TEN MILES AT SEA, serene outer island, a small quiet inn for fourteen guests. Rooms with bath, heat. $13-$19 including breakfast, dinner. June-Sept. The Golden Gull, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

HERE IS A DELIGHTFUL WEEKEND property for sale! Owners must move and they are anxious to sell their contemporary (stained) cedar, one floor, 3 bedrooms, 2 bath house with 12 acres and the most beautiful view in Connecticut for $59,500. For appointment to see write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Connecticut. Tel. 203-927-3117.

Miscellaneous

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching)—All Ages "Let TEAM Make You a Team." Write: TEAM Project, 101 West 30 Street, Suite 531, N. Y., N. Y. 10001.

TOP CONSERVATIVE MAILING LIST AVAILABLE: NATIONAL REVIEW has 400,000 current, proven buyers (unduplicated) for immediate use. (No active NR subscribers included, however.) Price per M is conservative too—and special pricing arrangements will make list irresistible. Minimum 5,000 test can show you why we're so eager to get this list to the right people. For details, please write Ed Capano. NR, or call him at 679-7330 (ext. 851).

HACKMATACK. CAMP FOR boys and girls, 7-12 years. Living on a farm in the rugged Berkshire Hills. Do you like animals, birds, minerals, forest trails, the stars above? Swimming, riding, nature study, sports, crafts, cookouts? A life with beauty, discipline, and responsibility. Eight week season only. Write to George F. Dillman, Otis, Mass. 01253.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. Beginners, Rusty Intermediates. Age no barrier. Cameo Studios, 25-N Cameo Road, Levittown, Pa. 19057.

RESPONSIBLE OIL MAN INTERESTED in creating relationship with persons desirous of investing in shallow oil prospects in Texas and Oklahoma. Ideal opportunity to become an oil producer and particularly advantageous for those with tax charge-off problems. Bank and church reference inquiries welcomed. Write NR Box 0128.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190A Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, New York 11542.

SINGLE?—PHOTOS OF DATES enable you to pre-view and select from 4-10 ideal mates! Saves time, expense, and disappointments of blind dates! Advanced matching systems assure compatibililty! All ages. Entire U.S. Write for information and FREE questionnaire: YALE PHOTO-DATING® SERVICE, INC. P. O. Box 509, Dept. H, New York, New York 10028.

NEEDED, Lightweight clothing—especially children's—and shoes for the people of the second poorest island in the Caribbean, Bequia. Address package: Mrs. Linda Burgess. P. O. Box 24, Bequia, St. Vincent, West Indies.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[EDNA] LONIGAN:

The Growth of [Government] Welfare (from her article, "Expanding Welfare in a Free Economy").

Only "rich" societies can afford welfare programs, and this is true historically as well as theoretically. The danger is that, in pursuing welfare programs, societies cease to be "rich," and the necessary condition for maintaining welfare programs disappears.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of industrial growth in the 1890s and Warren Nutter's index of Russian industrial output before 1914. The legend of wars always stimulating capitalist expansion received a hard knock in Thomas Cochran's article, "Did the Civil War Retard Industrialization?" The old belief that slavery in the pre-Civil War South was caught in internal contradictions has been effectively refuted by Alfred Conrad and John R. Meyer using quantitative findings on profit rates earned per slave. Charles Beard's picture of an idyllic agrarian South being smashed first by a Civil War fought to ensure industrial capitalist dominance and then by a Reconstruction with black legislators hand in glove with Northern capitalists has been effectively challenged. In historical statistics, the long-term changes in national income and its distribution found by Simon Kuznets, Robert Gallman and others are howlingly inconsistent with the textbook picture of vast income disparities during the pre-Roosevelt aeons. In short, we can see that today's radical historians are quite right, from their standpoint, to complain about such scholarly de-mythologization.

Most of the authors I have been citing, however, were scrupulously careful not to draw wider conclusions from their work or to say *a fortiori* much that was favorable about the operation of capitalist institutions. To do so in academe can be deadly; and we must also remember that they were working on very specialized problems in isolation from each other. The number of historians with adequate training in economic analysis is few even today; twenty years ago, it was a bare handful. The fewness of their numbers, compared with the results already achieved, suggests very strongly that the long-run case for capitalism in the West will be strengthened with the passage of time.

Of course, such a re-evaluation of capitalist history is not inevitable. As Fogel stated in making the case for the Union Pacific Railroad: "Once formed, myths are sturdy things; they can withstand the findings of a dozen documented studies. The myth of the Union Pacific is probably invincible. The Indians will continue to be routed, the golden spike will continue to be driven, and the road will continue to be ruined by unscrupulous promoters in story and song, regardless of what is written in history books." But the "story and song" originated among academics, not among songwriters, so the question of myth-formation is merely driven one stage further. How did the conventional anti-capitalist wisdom of academe originate, and why did it take the forms that it did?

One reason often advanced is that persons generally satisfied with capitalist performance want to participate in it directly rather than study it from afar; so that the "pro" forces are inevitably under-represented in universities. But this apparently does not operate in schools of commerce and engineering, and we can usefully remember Keynes' dictum that men are governed far more by doctrines of long-dead savants than by their material or non-material interests. Reason enough can be found in the fortuitous fact that economic history developed as a scholarly discipline in conscious opposition to economic theory, particularly in Germany prior to 1914. In the view of the early economic historians, the classical economists from Smith to Mill were not only analysts of capitalism but champions of it; the historians, therefore, had what might be called a guild stake in—provisionally—opposing their conclusions as well as their methods, while patiently working out "laws" of their own.

As might be expected, the "provisional" character of this operation evanesced rather quickly, and the "laws" and theories floated free from analytic method and empirical investigation. Myths were thus generated to fill needs of various kinds. Some endowed history with a melodramatic symmetry absent from empirical fact, and fueled a moral indignation which was already there.

Significantly enough, many of the revisions described earlier have resulted from a radically different approach to economic history rather than from the casual empiricism of the German historical school and its American institutionalist counterpart. This new approach holds that many historical problems can be resolved only by testing theoretical models with quantitative data. Compared with Marxist or historicist propositions, the models—derived from thinkers ranging from Adam Smith to men as diverse as Keynes and Milton Friedman—are relatively rigorous and free of prescriptive ideology; and the testing procedures specify "hard" criteria for rejection or acceptance. The fact that so many findings of the new historical methods have demolished rather than reinforced anticapitalist prejudices is therefore a hopeful augury for a more balanced view of the long-run performance of what Joseph Schumpeter once called the "capitalist engine of progress." □

"Remember when religion used to be the opiate of the masses?"

Enjoy a touch of FLORIDA SUNSHINE
Premium Sun Ripened
ORANGES
Delicious Seedless "Midway Special"
GRAPEFRUIT
Natural Color · Picked and Shipped Promptly
BUSHEL . . . $12.25 ppd • ½ BUSHEL . . . $7.95 ppd
(Slightly Higher in the Far West)
SPECIFY ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT OR MIXED
and specify your zipcode for prompt delivery
TREE T' YOU
MIDWAY GROVES
Route 3, Box 28 Sarasota, Florida 33580
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Have a Panther to Lunch

New York, Jan. 24—If it blurs in the mind just what and who are the Black Panthers, why they are an organization founded a few years ago on the doctrine that the United States is a racist-oppressive country best dealt with by the elimination of its leaders and institutions. Suggestive of its rhetorical style is the front page of its house organ which featured on the day after his death a photograph of Robert Kennedy lying in a pool of his own blood, his face transformed to the likeness of a pig.

Do you think Robert Kennedy was a pig? I asked Eldridge Cleaver a while ago. Yes, he said. Did he believe in the elimination of pigs? Yes, he did. Well, why not begin with Nixon: surely he is the chief pig? I observed. Mr. Cleaver, who has had intimate experiences with the law, advised me that he knew enough not to counsel directly the assassination of the President, but that if in fact someone did kill him, that would be one less pig in the world.

So what do we do about the Black Panthers? Why if we are Leonard Bernstein, the conductor, we have a big cocktail party to which we invite a local representative of the Party, and at the cocktail party we are so ingratiating that the Ford Foundation should have brought back Alistair Cooke so that the hungry of this world, like you and me, might have been permitted via television to be present at the love-in.

MR. BERNSTEIN was modishly dressed, in turtleneck sweater and double-breasted jacket, and had obviously been studying up on the idiom of the times, indeed so thorough is Mr. Bernstein that it is altogether possible that he staged a rehearsal or two, because a dialogue with a Black Panther is every bit as difficult to perform as a symphony of Schönberg. Anyway, the Black Panther, Mr. Cox, began by announcing that if business didn't provide full employment, then the Panthers would simply take over the means of production and put them in the hands of the people, to which prescription it is recorded that Mr. Bernstein's reply was, "I dig absolutely."

Mr. Cox told the gathering how very pacific he and his confederates are, that ultimately of course they desire peace, but that they have been attacked in their homes and murdered in their beds and have the right to defend themselves. "I agree 100 per cent," Lenny said, neglecting to ask Mr. Cox to explain to what defensive uses his confederates intended to put the hand grenades and Molotov cocktails that were discovered in the raids.

One lady present, wife of a Black Panther who is in jail on the charge of planning to kill a few pigs and conspiring to dynamite midtown department stores, expressed great indignation at the interruption of her huband's activities by the police, who recently arrested thirteen Panthers, holding ten of them on $100,000 bail. She brought along her lawyer, who asked the distinguished gathering of artists-capitalists for donations. Someone who desired to be anonymous promised $7,500. Sheldon Harnick, the lyricist, came in with $250. Burton Lane, the composer, gave $200, and Mrs. Harry Belafonte gave $200. Lenny said proudly that he would donate the proceeds from his very next concert. He is too shy a man to say how much he earns per concert, but he didn't want to appear a tease, so he said that the sum would be in four figures.

We should study the Bernstein Approach. It is a singular contribution to conviviality. No doubt Mr. Bernstein curses himself for having only just now discovered it. Just two years ago he might have invited George Lincoln Rockwell and his Nazis into his apartment, to ask him to explain the causes of his grievances, and raised a little money for those frequent occasions when Rockwell found himself on the shady side of the law, though to be sure Rockwell would have not been so romantic a guest as he never actually advocated killing anyone. On the other hand, there are surely still around enough members of the Ku Klux Klan to fill Mr. Bernstein's livingroom, or at least most of it.

I remember, in the hour I spent with Mr. Cleaver, the one thing I said to him that made him truly angry. It was that the Black Panther Party exists primarily for the satisfaction of white people, rather than black people. The white people like to strut their toleration, and strip themselves of their turtleneck sweaters to reveal their shame. The Panthers have only a few thousand black members, because the mass of the black people are too proud, too unaffected, to join the Panthers, to attend Bernstein's parties. □

INFLATION TALK *New York*, Jan. 26—A high Administration official (as the saying goes) is fascinated by the number of businessmen who have lately come to the conclusion that only wage and price controls can bail the economy out. They reason (and they press their reasoning on influential ears) that there is no other way of curing the extraordinary demands being made here and there by organized labor. The obvious way to resist outrageous demands is for the employer to decline to give in to them. But as arrangements have evolved in America, this simply does not work.

CONSIDER General Electric. The strike is weeks old, and there is no prospect for settlement. True, General Electric does not need to settle in the sense that, say, the City of New York absolutely needed to settle with the Transport Workers' Union. One cannot go more than a day or two without public transportation, whereas it is not necessary to buy another electric toaster tomorrow, and anyway there is a pretty good inventory. But every day that General Electric postpones settlement its competitors gain an advantage off which they might profit for years and years to come.

On the other hand if General Electric were to capitulate, the cost of the new contract would mean a spectacular rise in the price of its products, which would of course be contagious, forcing up the price of Westinghouse's products when that company's contract came due and the union made similar demands. In the interim, General Electric would suffer grievously, a lesson which could gravely affect the economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

health of the company. And of course, in the long run, the public would be forced to pay more money for the whole range of products manufactured by General Electric, from light bulbs to generators. Which is another way of saying that there would be more inflation. Which is what the government of the United States is pledged to resist.

So wage and price controls? No. Because although they would work for a very short period, inevitably wage and price controls freeze an economy into distortions which are strategically intolerable. England's success in reversing its economy's slide is in some quarters being attributed to wage and price controls. In fact they were of minor consequence. Most important was the devaluation of the pound, which because of the commanding role of the dollar in the world scene we are not in a position to do to it: plus heavy taxes on imports and foreign spending.

Wage and price controls work in essentially static economies, where Jones VI works for the counting house even as Jones did a hundred years before. An economy based on kinetic capital and labor markets quickly loses its potency if Company A is told that it cannot lure Worker B from its present job to a competitive position by paying him more. Price controls almost inevitably bring a black market—and should. Even Russia tolerates a black market, so that, voyeuristically, the commissars can see what is the true value of a product.

NOW THERE is an obvious solution, but it is taboo to mention it. The National Labor Relations Act, beloved of the New Dealers, and the constellation of legislation giving to organized labor unique privileges, keeps the General Electrics of this world from doing what is in their and the public interest: the requirement of the Act that one bargain exclusively with the union—on the one hand; and, on the other, the requirement of state laws (most state laws) that one belong to said union in order to hold down a job with General Electric. Add to the whole, the exemption of labor unions from the various anti-monopoly laws, and one sees, finally, the nature of the beast.

Congress and the Administration are wrestling with inflation. Why not organic reform? Why compel General Electric (or anybody else) to bargain collectively after, say, a strike goes beyond a fortnight? Surely, at that point, a company should be protected in its right to bargain with individual workers who, in turn, should be emancipated from their union: so as to diminish unemployment, to service the public, and to discourage the inflationary spiral. □

THE GREAT PURGE

New York, Jan. 20 —One's concern for a robust two-party system is entitled to a day off every now and then, so permit us to enjoy the situation the Democrats are getting themselves into. The most recent skirmish was touched off when Professor John Kenneth Galbraith of Cambridge, Mass., called together a group of the faithful, whose tribe decreases, and are most of them able to meet in the apartment of Gloria Steinem, which is where the meeting was held on December nineteenth.

The purpose of the assembly was to announce a Purge. It will be known in the history books, one assumes, as the Galbraith-Steinem Pact, wherein it was determined that a single standard would be consulted on the matter of the congressional election of 1970. Namely, how does the senator, or the congressman, or the legislator, stand on Vietnam? If he is in favor of pulling out, he will get support from the Galbraith group—period.

Now this development has distressed many people, for instance my brothers Messrs. Novak and Evans, who pointed out in a recent column that the effect of the Galbraith-Steinem purge could be to decimate Congress, and remove from it several score Democrats who, in all matters except the Vietnam war, are most impeccably liberal.

To this report Mr. Galbraith has written a reply which we must assume is authoritative, because he sent me a copy of it. He chooses to describe the Democrats designated by Novak and Evans as "pedigreed lapdogs of the Pentagon." He points out, quite rightly, that congressmen, unlike professors, do not enjoy tenure, and that therefore it is up to the people to decide whether they should be rejected, and never was there better reason to reject them than in punishment for the Vietnam war.

In such a category Mr. Galbraith is apparently prepared to put, for instance, Senator Henry Jackson (who, indeed, was offered the post of Secretary of Defense by Mr. Nixon, or so it is reported). There appears to be one mysterious exception, namely Adlai Stevenson III. He is running for senator from Illinois with the strong backing of Mayor Daley, and that of course raises problems. But Mr. Galbraith is willing to explain the riddle privately. "Let me add," he writes, "more than parenthetically, that I would not dream of opposing Adlai Stevenson III, although too close an association with Richard Daley does cause a man trouble with a certain group of younger Democrats. If Mr. Novak or Mr. Evans will call me I will tell them why in strict confidence."

Apart from this one act of executive clemency, the others must go. "Can we," Mr. Galbraith asks, "succeed in fomenting effective opposition to the sycophants of the military and the friends of the war? I do not know"—one pauses to memoralize a historical gesture of humility by Mr. Galbraith—only it turns out that he really thinks he *does* know: "But these efforts always look pretty futile at the beginning. One thinks of Al Lowenstein's ridiculous idea of unseating Lyndon Johnson in 1967 or Eugene McCarthy's derisory crusade in New Hampshire and Wisconsin in the cold, damp spring of 1968. Certainly no insightful journalist will take such a quixotic effort seriously —at least until after the election."

AND SO, HE CONCLUDES, "it's worth a try. Voting against somebody who is wrong, a category which includes liberals who want liberalism while spending all the available scratch on weaponry and the war, may be uncouth. But some could call it legitimate protest."

Now the practical meaning of Mr. Galbraith's communication is that the Democratic vote is going to be split in such areas as will see a race between a bug-out Democrat and a stalwart Democrat. And the practical purpose of my communication is to instruct the conservative community on what obviously commends itself as a complementary tactic. Take a look at your congressional district. If there is only one Democrat running for office, and he is pro-Vietnam, announce yourself as an anti-Vietnam candidate, and write to Professor Galbraith for money, support and free speeches. If in your district the candidate is anti-Vietnam, why declare yourself pro-Vietnam and run like hell, and write me for free speeches. *Don't overlook any area at all.* Then, when Congress convenes in 1971, we shall install a trial ABM center ringing the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts as though the enemy would ever attack Cambridge, Massachusetts. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the hereditary aristocrats of ancient Greece, who at one time formed the ruling class — 12 159 121 60 69 16 168 165

B. A national park in S.W. Colorado — 48 94 106 71 179 113 33 150 123

C. A ballet movement — 53 36 41 188 118 139 170

D. Turned backward — 98 35 19 145 59 50 130 161

E. A term used by the Stock Exchange and mapmakers — 105 68 147 13 18 73 4 75 88 93

F. James III of England — 89 38 86 92 103 108 135 140 177 185 / 1 11

G. A political allegory by Francis Bacon — 164 3 149 173 7 78 114 24 40 67 / 91

H. What a trip to Siberia starts with — 174 99 131 155 186 180

I. Gallant warriors or gentlemen — 95 143 44 2 15 63 83 39

J. Another name for the American wayfaring tree — 100 97 61 76 122 126 107 129 43 8

K. The covering surrounding the axon of some nerve fibers — 14 137 141 181 42 184 45 66 84 110 / 158 175

L. What many politicians avoid — 5 190 162 111 101

M. A French fashion designer — 20 133 47 52

N. What many buildings are — 58 166 127 138 171 25 152 189

O. A small dog — 27 70 79 90 6 9 26

P. A strong aversion — 136 74 160 167 21 172

Q. Where the skiing should be good — 148 124 31 23

R. Children like to play with these dogs — 153 28 176 182

S. A common, gray, Old World warbler — 157 81 125 115 10 142 96 163 34 132

T. Reserved or reticent — 183 134 49 56 82

U. A loop with a running knot, which tightens as the rope is pulled — 46 62 77 112 104

V. A position in cricket — 117 64 109 17 22 37 30 51 85 102 / 116 128

W. This is caused when Cupid devours your heart — 119 29 87 65 151 144 57

X. They appeared in *Life with Father* for many afternoons and nights — 146 54 154 80

Y. This is used for putting the final edge on certain cutting tools by abrasion — 178 156 187 55 169 120 72 32

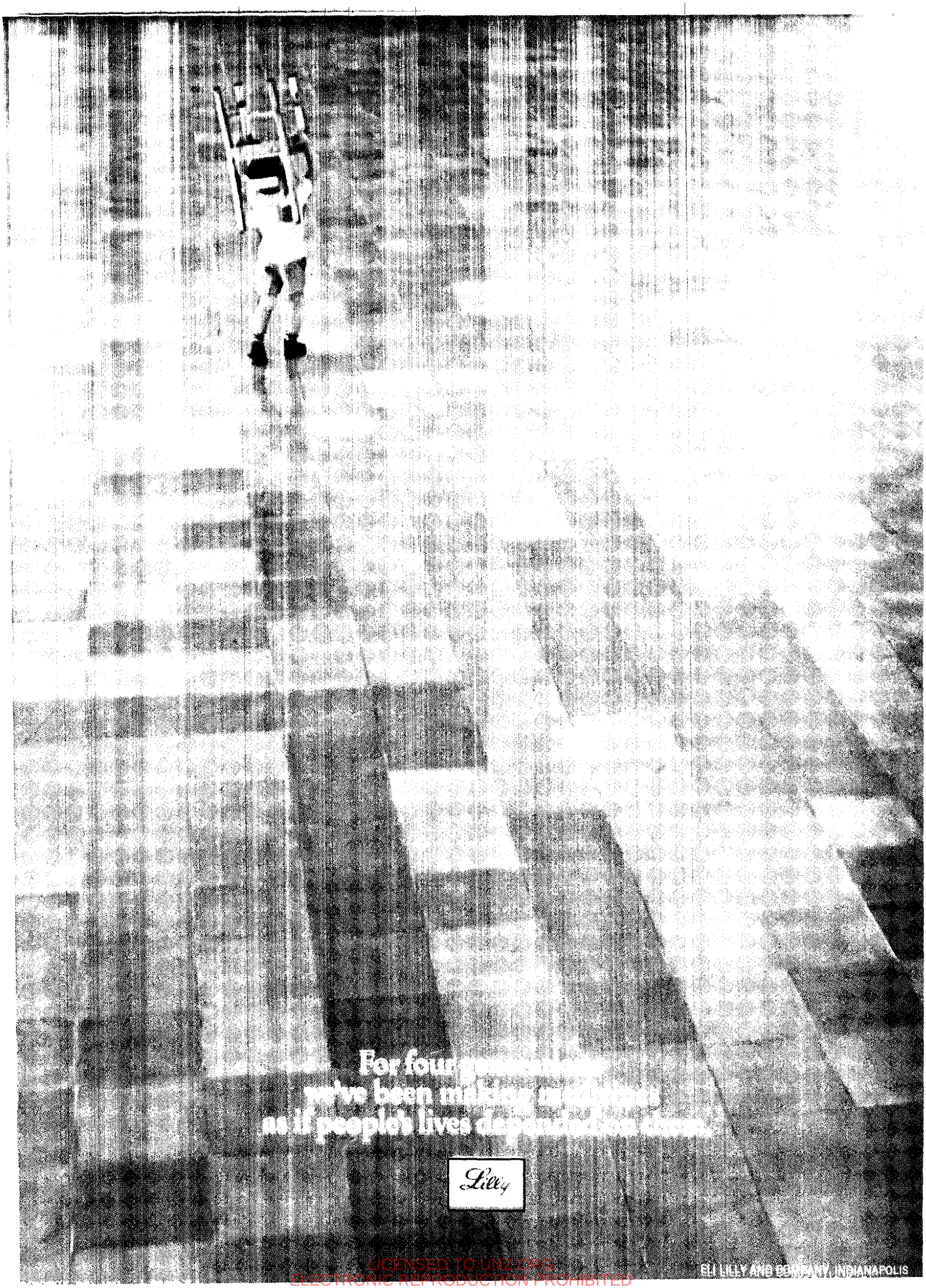
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 166 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

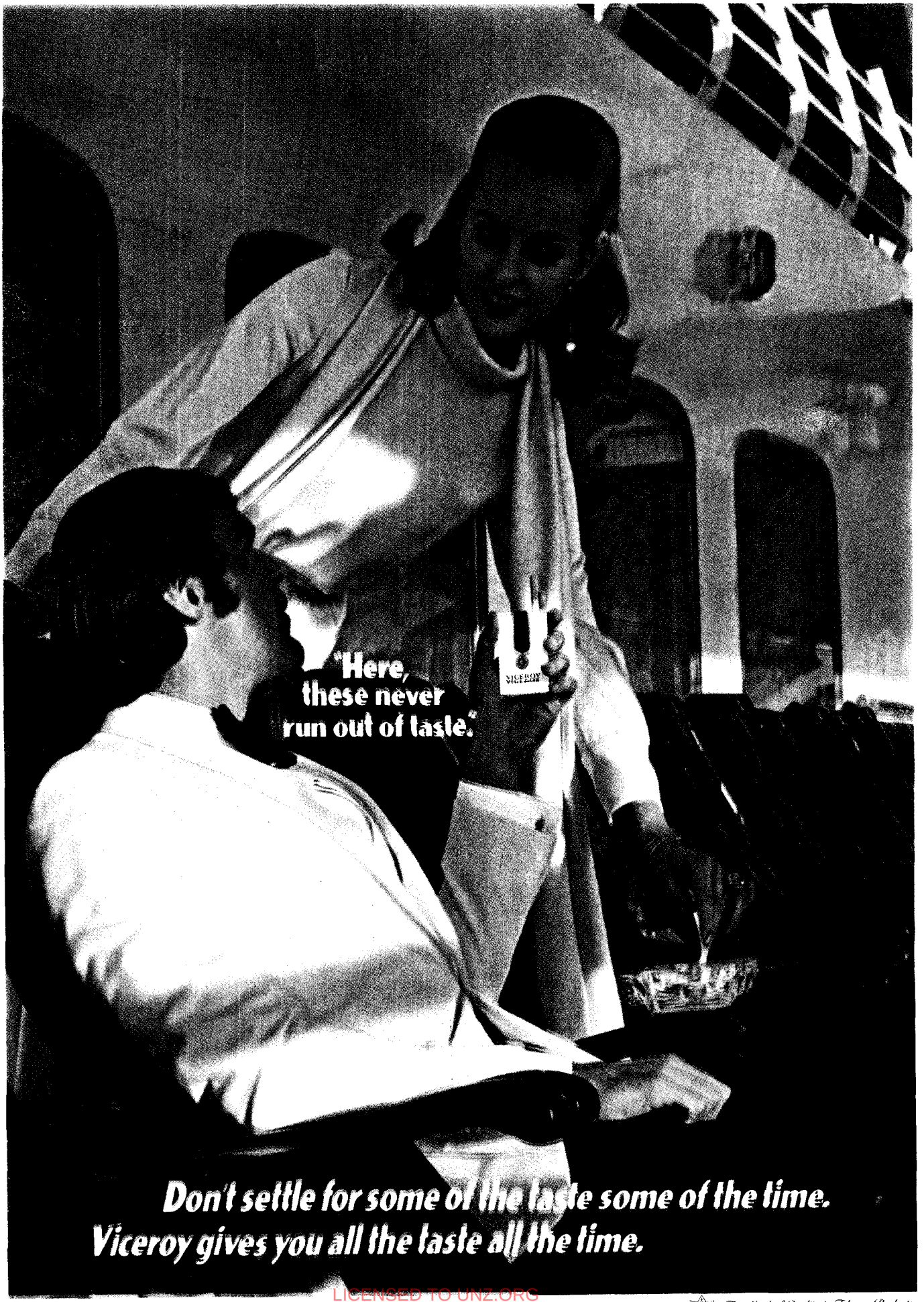
1 F	2 I	3 G	4 E		5 I	6 O		7 G	8 J	9 O		10 S	11 F	12 A	13 E		14 K
15 I	16 A	17 V	18 E	19 D		20 M	21 P	22 V	23 O		24 G	25 N	26 O		27 O	28 R	29 W
30 V		31 O	32 Y	33 B	34 S	35 D	36 C	37 V	38 F	39 I		40 G	41 C	42 K	43 J		44 I
45 K		46 U	47 M		48 B	49 T	50 D	51 V		52 M	53 C	54 X	55 Y	56 T	57 W		58 N
59 D		60 A	61 J	62 U	63 I	64 V	65 W	66 K		67 G	68 E		69 A	70 O	71 B	72 Y	
73 E	74 P		75 E	76 J	77 U	78 G	79 O	80 X	81 S		82 T	83 I	84 K	85 V	86 F	87 W	88 E
	89 F	90 O		91 G	92 F	93 E	94 B	95 I	96 S		97 J	98 D		99 H	100J	101L	
102V	103F	104U	105E	106B		107J	108F	109V	110K	111I	112U	113B		114G		115S	116V
117V		118C	119W	120Y	121A	122J	123B		124O	125S	126J		127N	128V		129J	130D
131H		132S	133M	134T	135F	136P	137K		138N	139C	140F	141K	142S	143I		144W	145D
	146X	147E	148O	149G		150B	151W	152N	153R	154X		155H	156Y	157S	158K	159A	160P
161D	162I		163S	164G	165A		166N	167P	168A	169Y	170C		171N	172P	173G	174H	175K
176R		177F	178Y	179B	180H	181K	182R		183T	184K	185F		186H	187Y	188C	189N	190L

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS


"Here,
these never
run out of taste."
Don't settle for some of the taste some of the time.
Viceroy gives you all the taste all the time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1970 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products